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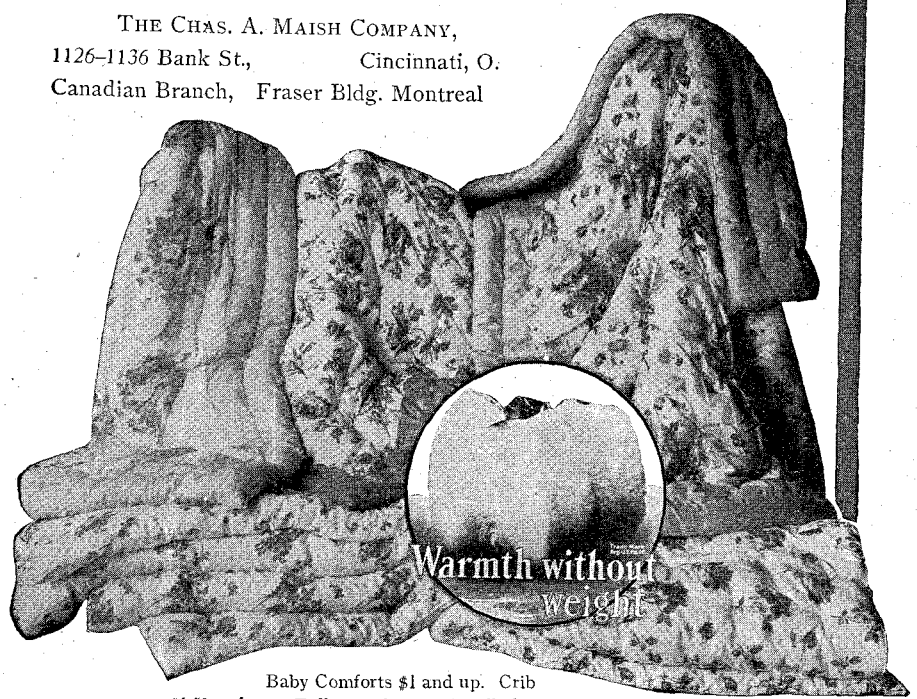

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The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 11, 1909

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THE NORTH POLE AT LAST

The word has come that the North Pole has been reached. On April 21, 1908, according to his own story, an American, accompanied by two Eskimos, stood in the midst of a waste of ice at the point where all directions are south, where latitude reaches a maximum, where longitude vanishes, where the magnetic needle is reversed, and the North Star is in the zenith. Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, is the successful adventurer. On another page we reprint, from the New York Herald, Dr. Cook's own story of his achievement, sent by cable from the Shetland Islands. The story is, of course, a mere outline sketch of two years and a half of brave, strenuous, self-sacrificing effort. But it is not difficult, especially for one somewhat familiar with what other expeditions have undergone in the frozen North, to fill out in imagination the picture. Dr. Cook left New York in July, 1907, in a Gloucester fishing schooner with a gasoline engine, with Mr. John R. Bradley, for a hunting trip in the Greenland regions. The schooner returned in October with Mr. Bradley, who reported that Dr. Cook had decided to remain in the North and make a dash for the Pole. Dr. Cook seems to have made most careful and ample preparations for the attempt, enlisting a group of Eskimos, securing a large pack of dogs, and laying in big stocks of game—seal, bear, musk-ox, and Arctic hare. The final dash, after the sending back of his supporting party of Eskimos, was made with two native companions. With dog-sledges they traveled four hundred and sixty miles in about thirty days. On the return they were unable to reach inhabited regions before the second winter came on, and, like Dr. Nansen and his companion, they spent the winter months in a den of their own construction. Final judgment on Dr. Cook's exploit must be reserved until he has given out the evidence of his accomplishment and the evidence has been examined by scientists. He says that he has reached the Pole. The world will await with interest the fuller statements by which he confirms the assertion. There are those, scientists and explorers, who doubt. They say that the feat, as he claims to have accomplished it, is impossible. But it will be time enough to deny his claim when we have seen what it is based upon. The value of his exploit must remain, as far as we can see, on the sentimental side. It is a fine sporting victory, a splendid conquest by the will of man of the most trying conditions which the forces of Nature offer to his attack. Doubtless many other expeditions, like that of Nansen in the Fram and those of Peary, have afforded results of greater scientific importance. But the search for the Pole has caught the imagination of the people of the world. The victor in that search will wear popular laurels without the slightest regard to the measure of his scientific accomplishment.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE AND THE POLE

Arctic exploration practically began with the quest for the Northwest Passage to the Indies and the riches of the East. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries John Davis and William Baffin, English seamen, made a beginning of the exploration of the Passage. Early in the last century Ross and Parry penetrated farther and farther into the waters and lands north of this continent, and in 1845 Sir John Franklin, with two ships and one hundred and twenty-nine men, explored the waters of the Passage, with tragic results. The expedition vanished from the knowledge of men for nearly ten years, when it was

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discovered that its members had perished to a man. The loss of the Franklin party stimulated many search expeditions, which resulted in valuable additions to the knowledge of the American arctic regions. But in spite of assault after assault upon the icy barriers that closed the Northwest Passage, it was not finally navigated from end to end until four years ago. Captain Roald Amundsen, a Norwegian sailor, in his little ship Gjoa, only seventy feet long, driven by a gasoline engine, finally accomplished the feat which generations had attempted and which our ancestors had believed would prove a sure and easy road to wealth. The quest for the Pole itself has been prosecuted, with real hope of success, for only perhaps a quarter of a century. In 1875 and 1882 Nares, an Englishman, and Greely, an American, had reached latitudes beyond the 83d parallel, but Nansen's expedition in 1895 was the first that really seemed to threaten the inviolability of the Polar solitudes. He attempted to reach the Pole by drifting with the ice in his vessel, the Fram, from the waters near the eastern end of Siberia across the polar sea. The drift, however, was too much toward the south, and Nansen, with one companion, made an attempt to reach the Pole by sledge. They advanced to a latitude of 85° 14′, when they were compelled to turn back, 261 miles from their goal. In 1897 Captain Cagni, of the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, got as far as 86° 33′, and in 1905 Commander R. E. Peary, the indefatigable American explorer, reached 87° 6′. Commander Peary is now in the North, on his third trial for the Pole, and news is expected from him at any time this fall. One attempt has been made to reach the Pole by balloon, but the daring navigator, S. A. Andrée, was never heard from. Walter Wellman, an American journalist, has twice made an attempt with a dirigible air-ship to reach the Pole from Spitzbergen, but each time the elements have been unkind and he has been compelled to turn back.

THE GREAT BIRDS AT RHEIMS

A correspondent of The Outlook, who is preparing an illustrated article on the aviation meet at Rheims, has written in a private letter a picturesque account of the first day of the contests. His description of the flying of the "great birds" gives so vivid an impression that we quote from it here. He writes: "Just as I was passing the tribunes came the buzz of a propeller, a sharp noise between a whistle and the grumble of an auto; I hurried, and out through the gate was going a procession of queer-looking things, being trundled, one after another, by many men. Before the last one was out there was a roar from all of us, and over the roof of one of the *hangars* there flew toward us a great bird. I can't express in words the sensation of seeing that thing flying as swiftly and steadily as a gull straight toward us from behind the roofs. I'm glad that it was Latham who began the show, for the Antoinette and the Bleriot are more like air creatures than the others. Well, Latham, in his Antoinette, rose steadily until when he was opposite us he was a hundred feet in the air, and then away he went in a circle. Before he had gone far came a clatter—the Wright machine clatter—and then, one after another, like a succession of rockets in a display of fireworks, came the machines, until within five minutes, I think, there were seven of them in the air. There were no failures. All the best fliers were there, and they can fly. It's hard to express. I hadn't believed it, in spite of what I had read about flights. I had always supposed that there must be some accidents—and there are. To-day proved that. But yesterday the conditions were just right, and they sailed away, one after the other, and we went crazy. I didn't see any one weeping as they did over Zeppelin in Germany; but when I came to myself, I saw Frenchmen silent—yes, not a murmur. . . . Gradually they all dropped out except the two Wright machines, Tissandier, and Comte de Lambert. The others went to earth miles from home; but the Wright crowd kept going round and round. It was an extraordinary triumph for the Wrights, and in the midst of it, to enhance it, the dare-devil Lefebvre began on his Wright machine a series of the most complicated maneuvers, that no one can understand who hasn't seen one of these things. He took the thousand feet by five hundred in front of the tribunes,

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and turned it into a geometrical problem. He made figures of eight in that area, up and down sometimes twenty feet or fifty feet, sometimes skimming the earth, and ended by coming down neatly just in front of the grand stand. He could afford a little dramatic display; he had made his record for longer flight earlier in the day, and it stood, the only record on the bulletin board that had been set up. All that they say about the back wind of a propeller is rot. To-day, when Paulhan on a Voisin machine was doing a magnificent flight of sixty kilometers, Lefebvre maliciously followed him, going twice as fast as Paulhan could, and just in front of the grand stand he flew right under him and rose in front of him—no back wind. The Wright people are playing with the others, doing all kinds of diabolic things to prove the superiority of their machines. This afternoon Delagrange on his fast little Bleriot had just completed his first round, when out from over the sheds, like a pirate, came Comte de Lambert on his Wright. It was a direct challenge for a race. He was up with Delagrange in a moment, but Delagrange refused the race and came to earth at once."

AN AMERICAN VICTORY AND A GERMAN FEAT

The aeroplane meet at Rheims came to an end with a fine victory for the only American contestant, Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss. He won the International Cup of Aviation by making two rounds of the course, about twelve miles, in just under sixteen minutes, at a speed of forty-five miles an hour. The winning of this prize by an American insures the holding of the next International aviation meeting in this country. Mr. Curtiss went to Rheims with the deliberate intention of winning the International Cup if it lay in his power, and his success was the deserved reward of single-hearted effort and intelligent planning. For this prize, as was not the case with most of the others, contestants were allowed but one trial; and Mr. Curtiss was the first of the competitors to make the attempt. But he set a mark which none of them could equal. After all, however, speed is not the thing for which the aeroplane drivers need most to strive. The heavier-than-air machine must go fast or it cannot stay up. Since speed it must have or fail, a little more speed does not count for so much. But endurance is not so easy to come by; nor is carrying capacity. So the accomplishments of Mr. Farman, who flew over one hundred and ten miles alone, and on another day carried two passengers around the six-mile course in about ten minutes, are fuller of promise for the future. And it is these aspects of the problem of flight which give the greatest significance to the voyage from Lake Constance to Berlin of the Zeppelin III, the big German dirigible, which was made while the aeroplanes were contesting at Rheims. The journey of three hundred and fifty miles was not made in one flight, for the air-ship was compelled by a broken propeller to make a halt for repairs at Bitterfeld, eighty miles from Berlin. The Zeppelin III reached Berlin on Sunday, the 29th, having left Friedrichshafen on Friday. It was welcomed by the Kaiser, and, it seemed, not only the entire population of the city, but thousands from the provinces as well. With Kaiser Wilhelm when Count Zeppelin landed from his big air-liner was Orville Wright, and the two great exponents of the two branches of aerial navigation greeted each other cordially. The Zeppelin's voyage was not sensationally record-breaking; but an air-ship which can leave its home port, fly two hundred and seventy miles in varying weather against head winds, carrying nine men, break a propeller, descend safely, repair damages, rise again and go eighty miles farther, land easily, and at its pilot's wish start off home again, will, in the succinct British phrase, "take a lot of beating."

FIVE AND A HALF DAYS TO LONDON

Breakfast in New York Wednesday morning, dine in London Monday night. Or lunch a little early in London Saturday morning, and dine in New York (a little late, perhaps) Thursday night. Within a week the marvelous sister ships the Mauretania and the Lusitania have made these things possible. The Mauretania sailed east, leaving New York on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, and dropped anchor at Fishguard,

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on the west coast of Wales, at 1:15 P.M. on Monday. The official time of her trip between the starting line off Sandy Hook and the finish line off Daunt's Rock, Queenstown, was 4 days 14 hours and 27 minutes, nearly three hours better than the best previous time. The Mauretania was the first vessel to make the stop at Fishguard, the new port of call for the Cunarders before going on to Liverpool. At Fishguard a prompt transfer of mails and passengers was made to special trains on the Great Western Railway, and the travelers reached London, after a run of 262 miles in 270 minutes, at half-past seven—five and a half days from New York to London. On Saturday, while the Mauretania was approaching the Irish coast, the Lusitania left Liverpool at 5 P.M. On Thursday night, at eight o'clock, she landed her passengers at the New York dock. Her official time was 4 days 11 hours and 42 minutes. Her passengers left London on Saturday at noon, so that their journey from London to New York occupied several hours less than five and a half days. Nearly 26 knots, or 30 statute miles, an hour is the speed which the steamers must keep up steadily to accomplish these results. This dual accomplishment of the two biggest steamships afloat is the most notable achievement of modern travel. Its importance is only increased by the fact that the rapidity of the trips is equaled by their comfort and luxuriousness. In these particulars, of course, the big Cunarders have able rivals, but in the point of speed of transatlantic travel Britannia still rules the waves.

SHALL WE REFORM OUR COURTS?

"The Law's Delay" is a subject which has been discussed in these pages frequently for many months past, in special articles by well-known lawyers and judges, in letters from litigants, and in editorials. As long ago as 1906 Judge Amidon, of the United States District Court of North Dakota, in an article in The Outlook, defined the capital vice of American law to be "its instability of administration, the frequent retrial of the same controversy." American lawyers and judges are more and more devoting themselves to a discussion of this "capital vice" and the means by which it may be eliminated. At the annual meeting of the American Bar Association, held at Detroit, Michigan, last month, a special committee, which has been at work on the problem for two years, made a report to the Association, which was adopted with but one dissenting vote. A member of the committee, in bringing this report to our attention, makes the very pertinent comment: "This is progress." The concrete fruit of this committee's work is found in a bill which it has drawn, and of which the committee says: "Communications received from members of Congress lead us to think that it will receive favorable consideration at the next session, and we recommend that it be again presented at that session, and that your committee be authorized to urge it upon the consideration of Congress." The Bar Association has given this authorization, and every lawyer in the country who desires to see a high standard of ability, efficiency, and justice maintained in American courts ought to support it. From the layman's point of view the most important features of the bill are two: First, it provides that in the retrial of cases on appeal no judgments shall be set aside or reversed or new trial granted on mere technical errors in the lower courts. The error complained of, in order to result in a new trial or reversal, must, in the judgment of the upper courts, have produced an essential miscarriage of justice. Second, it provides that the facts in a jury case may be determined separately from the questions of law, and the facts established by a competent jury may constitute a record to be accepted by the higher court, which may exercise its own judgment as to the proper application of the law to the facts. It appears to us that if these two provisions are established by Congress for the Federal courts, they will be followed by legislation in the various States for State courts, and two of the greatest causes of "the law's delay" will be removed. In numberless instances in both State and Federal courts cases are now sent back for retrial because of minute and technical errors which have no bearing upon the real justice of the cause. This may be either because the appellate judge is a stickler for technicalities or because he hesitates

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to exercise a discretion which is not specifically conferred upon him by the statute. Moreover, it happens that when causes are thus retried the entire evidence as to the facts, as well as the discussion of law points, is gone over in the new trial. It is this that makes, especially in criminal cases, procedure in the courts tedious, complicated, and expensive. The committee, besides drafting this bill, makes some further recommendations. These are: First, that the whole judicial power of each State should be vested in one great court, of which all tribunals from the municipal court up to the supreme court should be branches or divisions. At the head of this great court there should be a high official "who would be responsible for failure to utilize the judicial power of the State effectively." Second, future codes of court procedure should be much more simple than those now in effect, and, in accordance with the general lines laid down by the statutes, the courts should be left free to fix and to change from time to time their own rules "as actual experience of their application and operation dictates." The committee points out that the present code of the State of New York, which directs the courts how they shall transact their business, and which "has been characterized aptly as 'revision gone mad,' contains some three thousand sections." Third, the higher courts of review should have the power to take additional evidence where such evidence is necessary to sustain a judgment and can be obtained without substantial controversy. This often will do away with the delay and expense of a new trial. Fourth, all clerks and court employees should be compensated by fixed salaries, and all fees collected should be paid into the public treasury. If Congress passes the bill recommended by the American Bar Association, and if the States should enact the recommendations of the Association, a great step will have been taken to promote justice to litigants, and to increase the real power and dignity of the courts. The only material objection we can see to the proposals of the Bar Association is that they may reduce the incomes of that class of lawyers who thrive upon involved and long-drawn-out litigation.

SHALL WE REFORM OUR JUDGES?

Efforts to improve court procedure and to promote the administration of justice to litigants are not confined to the American Bar Association. The committee on admissions to the bar of the New York County Lawyers' Association has recently issued a report in which the assertion is made that laxity of requirements, both as to character and intellectual ability, in admitting applicants to the bar has resulted in the deterioration of the judiciary.

It will be conceded as a general proposition that lawyers do not reach the bench by assiduous study, high legal accomplishment, and professional training. Political organizations have much more to do with their advancement than personal merit. The spectacle of the elevation to a judgeship of a lawyer known and appreciated by the bar is a rare one. If the names of most of the candidates for judicial honors were submitted to the profession, they would be overwhelmingly repudiated. Of course a real diamond is sometimes discovered by chance, and undoubtedly some of those chosen by political organizations bring to the bench fair legal attainments, and others, originally deficient, become good judicial officers. But in the main the bench is below the average. The lawyers of New York City to-day freely talk of the judges. They specify names, they say to one another, "Keep away from that court," "Avoid that judge," meaning beware of their slothfulness, ignorance, or immaturity. . . . Whether the power of nominating judges can be taken from political organizations is a question. . . . So long, however, as the system exists there necessarily will be an inferior class of judges.

The New York Sun denounces this criticism as an "abusive attack upon the judges" and "a misleading diatribe." Judge Alton B. Parker, in a letter to the Sun, hastens to explain that, although a member of the New York County Lawyers' Association, hew as not personally responsible for the criticism which has so disturbed the Sun; that he knows most of the judges of New York; that they are really very good indeed, and he likes them; and that they are good judges is "strongly evidenced" by the fact that some of the New York lawyers recently gave a complimentary dinner to the Appellate Division. Although Judge Parker's letter throws little light on the question at issue, it throws considerable light on Judge Parker himself, and explains in twenty lines, as well as the fact

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could be explained in an entire encyclopædia, why he was defeated as a Presidential candidate in 1904 by a popular majority against him of two and a half million votes and by an electoral majority against him of 196 votes. The truth of the matter is that the committee of the New York County Lawyers' Association is not attacking the judges personally, but the system by which they are selected. Mr. John R. Dos Passos, a prominent New York lawyer, in a subsequent letter to the Sun, assumed responsibility for the report, and says of it: "It is the system under which judges are nominated which is inveighed against and not the individuals who are upon the bench. I am on terms of friendly relationship with all of them. They are creatures of the system, and as long as it exists all men must seek judicial positions through it. . . . It will be a great disappointment if we do not have the support of the press of our State in an earnest effort to amend the rules of the courts relating to admission to the Bar, which lawyers concede are inadequate to produce, as a whole, either capable lawyers or fully equipped judges." The Outlook desires to see no unjust or passionate or inflammatory attack made upon the courts, but we are very glad of the controversy to which Judge Parker and Mr. Dos Passos, both lawyers of prominence, and the New York Sun are parties. It will aid in bringing clearly before thinking men, whether laymen or lawyers, the truth that, no matter how well organized court procedure is, the administration of justice depends primarily upon the character of the judges, and the judges on the character of the lawyers from whose ranks they are recruited.

A TAMMANY OFFICE-HOLDER REMOVED

Louis F. Haffen, President of the Borough of the Bronx, in Greater New York, has been removed from office by Governor Hughes for official misconduct and neglect of duty. Mr. Haffen is the second Tammany Borough President to be removed by Governor Hughes in this way. President Ahearn, of Manhattan, was deposed two years ago; but he was promptly re-elected to succeed himself, in flagrant disregard of the demands of decency and of efficient government, by the Tammany Board of Aldermen. Those who were responsible for bringing the charges against him are contesting his election in the courts. Among the charges against President Haffen which Governor Hughes deemed to have been established were these: waste of public funds by the loading of pay-rolls, political jobbery in the purchase of granite for the Borough courthouse, the continuance in office as public architect of a politician without professional qualifications, and the acquisition for the city, at a cost of $247,000, for use as a bathing beach, of shore property on which the assessed valuation was $4,300 and which was situated at the mouth of a great sewer. Mr. Haffen has been Borough President ever since the first election in the newly created Greater New York, in 1898, and has been a strong political power in the Bronx for many years. It is not likely that he will be re-elected, as President Ahearn was. The removal of two Borough Presidents on such serious charges ought to provide the anti-Tammany forces with excellent fighting material in the coming campaign. The prospects for a strong fusion movement against Tammany are brightening. Last week the Republican city and county committees put themselves on record as prepared to co-operate with "all bodies opposed to Tammany Hall" to the end that "candidates should be presented whose election will secure for the city all the advantages of honest, businesslike, and progressive municipal government." If the anti-Tammany bodies can present to the voters a united leadership, a strong candidate, and a rallying cry to arouse the popular interest, there should be a good prospect of a reform victory. The forces making for bad government in the city are not so strong as those making for good—*when they are aroused and united.* But Tammany is always awake, always a unit. Its opponents must get together and work hard.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JAPAN

Two quite recent incidents illustrate the growing cordiality between Japan and the United States. That this friendship has a genuine basis and is not

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merely a product of diplomatic palaver has been increasingly evident, and the fact throws a humorous light on the fierce war-cries of some irascible and ill-informed people in both countries a year or so ago. The first incident was the arrival at Seattle of a band of forty-six Japanese bankers, merchants, editors, educators, and Members of Parliament. They come from the most important Japanese cities, and are in every way representative people. Their mission has been formally announced as being to strengthen the bonds of friendship and commerce between the two countries. They were welcomed by American business men. In the address of Governor Hay, of Washington, he pointed out that the United States is now the principal purchaser of Japanese wares, and ranks second only to Great Britain in the value of exports to that country. Another speaker aptly welcomed the Japanese "not only as ambassadors of a great commerce, but also as the ambassadors of peace, good will, and good neighborhood." The second incident—not one of grave importance, but a charming illustration of the delicacy and tact of Japanese courtesy—was the message from the Emperor of Japan congratulating the City of New York on the approaching anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River, and offering to the city as a memorial present from Japan three hundred Japanese cherry trees, to be planted along Riverside Drive, on the Hudson, by Japanese gardeners to be sent here for the purpose. Japanese cherry trees are famous the world over as among the most beautiful of small, flowering, hardy trees, and they will be a pleasing feature of the city's park system and, still more, an agreeable reminder of a friendly nation.

A CHINESE STUDENT CONFERENCE

An interesting scene in the drama of China's awakening was witnessed last week by the people of Hamilton, New York. A hundred and forty Chinese students gathered from all the Eastern part of the United States for the annual Conference of the Chinese Students' Alliance. Remembering the influence in Japan of such men as Baron Komura, Admiral Uriu, and others who were educated in America, we may safely say that this was a conference of future leaders of the Chinese Empire. Not only did it represent almost all the larger colleges and universities of our Eastern States, but every maritime province of China was represented, and a number of the interior provinces as well, while practically every student expects to return to China to have a part in the reshaping of that Empire. The language of the Conference was English, for, owing to the multiplicity of Chinese dialects, English was the only language that could be generally understood. To many of the Americans present it was a distinct surprise to hear, not only the freedom with which the English language was spoken, but also the clear and forceful English style which characterized the addresses. Among the outside speakers were Dr. W. W. Yen, Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington, Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell, and Dr. F. L. Hawks Pott, President of St. John's College at Shanghai. By all the speakers China's problems and their possible solution were discussed in a spirit of fairness and frankness. The keynote of the Conference was patriotism—the patriotism not of boastfulness but of service. Whether in oratorical contest, in debate, or in conversation, China's future was the one subject thought of. The subject that won the prize in the English oratorical contest was "A Plea for True Patriotism," while another speaker in the contest voiced the spirit of the Conference when he spoke on "The Spirit of True Service." It is significant that the twelve young women present had an influence much greater than their numbers would imply. Not only was the social success of the Conference in large part due to their presence, not only was the music chiefly in their hands, but in speaking also they showed their ability, for in each of the two oratorical contests second place was won by a young woman—the winner of second place in the Chinese oratorical contest being a niece of the late Viceroy Li-Hung-Chang. The first conference of Christian Chinese students in the United States followed immediately after the main Conference. The programme of the

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Christian Conference was similar to that of the Northfield Student Conferences, though the work was more largely in the hands of the students, with fewer outside speakers. There are now nearly five hundred Chinese students in this country, more having come to the United States than to any other country except Japan. A hundred more are expected in December of this year, to be sent by the Chinese Government, under the arrangement made last year by Tang-Shao-Yi, China's special representative. The importance, therefore, of these conferences, in which the men and women who are to have a part in molding the new China come together to become acquainted and to discuss Chinese problems, is likely to be greatly increased from year to year.

AMERICA AND THE FAR EAST

The interest felt by the American people in the rapidly changing conditions in the Far East, and especially in China, is becoming more widespread and intense. There are good reasons for this—commercial as well as educational and political. It is an evidence of this increasing interest that a quite unusually complete and varied programme has been arranged for a conference to be held next week at Clark University, in Worcester. Both the Japanese Ambassador and the Chinese Minister are interested in the matter, and had expected to take part, but both are just now out of the country. The programme, however, is such a remarkable one and contains the names of so many men eminent for knowledge of Eastern affairs that—somewhat contrary to our usual custom—we mention in advance the principal speakers and their topics, noting that these topics themselves form a sort of summary of live questions relating to the United States and the East. Dr. George H. Blakeslee, of Clark University, whose name will be remembered by our readers as that of a contributor to The Outlook, will speak of "The Significance to the Far East of America's Experiment in the Philippines," while other aspects of our Philippine problems and policies will be taken up by Judge L. R. Wilfley, formerly Attorney-General of the Philippines, Dr. W. S. Washburn, recently director of the Philippine Civil Service, and others. Korea will be discussed by our former Minister to Korea, the Hon. Horace N. Allen, Professor Ladd, of Yale, and others. India, and especially English rule in India, will have two sessions devoted to it. Japan and its relations to the United States will be the subject of talks by eminent Japanese scholars. China, as the principal subject, will have several sessions devoted to it, and we are sure that our readers will recognize as high authorities on Chinese matters, and in several cases also as contributors to The Outlook, the names of Dr. F. W. Williams, Professor of Modern Oriental History at Yale; Dr. Amos P. Wilder, Consul-General at Hongkong; the Hon. Chester Holcombe (subject "The Real Chinaman"); Judge L. R. Wilfley ("America's Opportunity in China"); Mr. John Foord, of the American Asiatic Association ("America's Trade Relations with China"); Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell ("Chinese Financial Conditions"); Dr. Asakawa, of Yale ("Japan's Relations to China"); Mr. T. F. Millard, author of "The New Far East" ("The Need of a Distinctive American Policy in China"); Dr. I. T. Headland, of Peking University ("The Present Political Situation in China"); Dr. Hamilton Wright ("A Historical Review of the Opium Problem"); and the Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State of the United States. This is only a partial list, but it is enough to show that this conference is likely to do for Eastern problems what the Mohonk conferences have done for the Indian, Negro, and Arbitration questions. It will go far, we are sure, to aid in bringing about a sympathetic appreciation of the new conditions of the awakened East.

THE WHITE PROPHET

Mr. Hall Caine is never afraid to employ startling methods to make his point. The whole question of British rule over subject peoples, not only in Egypt, but in India and elsewhere, is involved in his new novel, "The White Prophet" (Appletons). Indeed, that is not the limit of the book's intent, for the Prophet preaches the immediate turning of the sword into

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the plowshare, international brotherhood, and government by love instead of force. No one can question the beauty of the ideal, but the methods of this prophet of peace are infantile and are inspired by a mad belief in the instant coming of the Prince of Peace to carry on the work he has himself begun. Naturally, the White Prophet, when he moves on Cairo with an immense multitude of unarmed peasants, is led by others to do things quite contrary to his original purpose, and the reader only wonders that the British authorities, who have, at the first, unjustly treated the Prophet and his hearers, are so lenient to him at the end. The aim is to depict a Christlike man inspired by high motive, but the fact that his exaltation really passes into delusion affects his actions more than Mr. Caine himself seems to realize. It hardly needed six hundred and more pages to show that the British in Egypt should be more than good administrators, that they should have sympathy and brotherly feeling for the Egyptians, and should try to make the natives fit to rule themselves. But apart from this—and its application to world-wide problems of the same kind—Mr. Caine's teaching seems vague and uncertain. There is no form of preaching more futile than that which tries to show what Christ, if he were on earth, would do to-day in a given specified case in dispute. Mr. Caine's constantly suggested comparison between his peaceful Mahdi and Christ's teaching is not irreverent, but it leads nowhere. It may be only fair to add Mr. Caine's own statement of his purpose, made in reply to critics since the book appeared in England: "My object in writing the novel was to show the corrupting influence of the greed of wealth and the lust of empire, with the repaganization of the Christian world, which in the hourly increase of armaments is (as Sir Edward Grey has finely said) threatening to submerge society." As a novel this is a typical Hall Caine book, and in its own way the appearance of a Hall Caine book is a literary event. His publishers say that half a million copies of each of his stories is demanded by a world-wide reading public, and in from six to ten different languages. So much for popularity. The critics, on the other hand, find the author's style and method self-conscious, nervously and almost hysterically intense, and loosely hortatory. In this story the action and movement are at first rapid and strong, but by the middle one begins to weary of the artificial excitement and to long for a little plain, common-sense realism. The author knows the need of this, but he is not altogether happy when he tries that vein.

THE NEW FARMING

An old Boston seafaring man, when asked by a gentleman how, having never studied navigation, he managed to get about, replied, "I know 'nough navegation to git out o' Bostin harbor, and then I ken go where I dum please." The same spirit is not uncommon among American farmers. Having "farmed it" all their lives, they think they know all there is to know about farming. That there is a great deal that the average farmer may learn to his advantage is being tactfully but impressively shown by the scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture through the agency of the Farmers' Co-operative Demonstration Work, which has been organized under the Bureau of Plant Industry. The working forces now consist of one director with assistants, ten State agents, and one hundred and eighty-eight local and district agents. The local agents are practical farmers who have been thoroughly instructed in their duties by the State and district agents. The work is begun in October by calling public meetings in each district to be worked, at which is pointed out the advantage of increasing the crop yield two, three, or four fold, and how it may be done. It is not difficult to persuade the farmers of the desirability of increased crops, but it is difficult to persuade them that it can be done. Finally, one or more farmers in each district are persuaded to work a few acres in accordance with "use as directed." The demonstration farmer must do all the actual work himself. Therein lies the force of the argument. What he can do his neighbors will believe they can do. Each month specific instructions are sent to each demonstrating farmer. Each month, too, a local agent visits him and gives word-of-mouth instructions. Notice

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is sent to all the co-operating farmers to meet the agent on a given demonstration farm, where the crop and plans are exhaustively discussed. This is called a "field school." In these discussions it has been found with pathetic frequency that many small farmers had never fully complied with any of the essential rudiments of successful farming. Year after year they had gone on charging their perfectly avoidable failures to the land or the elements. One of the converts to the new farming thus frankly expressed himself at a public meeting in Alabama last year: "I was born in a cotton-field and worked cotton on my farm for more than forty years. I thought no one could tell me anything about raising cotton. I had usually raised one-half a bale on my thin soil, and I thought that was all the cotton there was in it in one season. The demonstration agent came along and wanted me to try his plan on two acres. Not to be contrary, I agreed, but I did not believe what he told me. However, I tried my best to do as he said, and at the end of the year I had a bale and a half to the acre on the two acres worked his way, and a little over a third of a bale on the land worked my way. You could have knocked me down with a feather. This year I have a bale and a half to the acre on my whole farm. If you do not believe it, I invite you to go down and see. Yes, sir; as a good cotton planter I am just one year old." This man not only raised three times as big a crop, but he became three times as big a man. There can be no real reform in farm life unless the farmer grows as well as his crop. He can grow only by achievement—by accomplishing something of which he may justly be proud. As soon as he begins to achieve and to grow he will become healthfully discontented with his unnecessary hardships and limitations. He will want a better house in which to live, a better school for his children, better public roads, and more modern conveniences. And with the larger bank account which must follow his larger crop he will satisfy his wants. No wonder the General Education Board has added to the Government appropriations over $75,000 a year for the extension of such new farming as leads to these things.

THE BENZOATE OF SODA CONTROVERSY

It is somewhat unfortunate that the discussion of the use of benzoate of soda as a so-called preservative of food products has ceased to be a scientific one and has become a popular and commercial one. There is considerable danger that the real issues involved may become confused in the minds of the users of canned and preserved food products—and that means practically every man, woman, and child in the United States.

When the National Pure Food Law was passed, packers and preservers of fruit were forbidden to use any noxious or deleterious substances in manufacturing their food products, under penalty of criminal prosecution; certain Government officials, including Dr. Wiley, the Chief Chemist of the Department of Agriculture, were to define what substances were noxious and deleterious under the law; Dr. Wiley and his associates defined benzoate of soda as a noxious substance, and therefore food packers and preservers using benzoate of soda would have been subject to criminal prosecution without some modification of Dr. Wiley's decision; the matter was brought to Mr. Roosevelt, then President, and he referred the question to the so-called Referee Board of distinguished scientists, including President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins, and Professor Chittenden, of Yale; pending the decision of the Referee Board, food manufacturers who chose to do so were permitted to continue the use of benzoate of soda, provided they stated the fact and the quantity employed on their labels; and, finally, the Referee Board has now decided that benzoate of soda used in reasonable amounts is not noxious in its physiological effects. Thus we have as the actual situation to-day that the manufacturers who use benzoate of soda must continue to state that fact on their labels, until the officials of the Government accept the recommendation of the Referee Board and expunge benzoate of soda from the list of deleterious substances the use of which is forbidden by the National Pure Food Law.

In the meantime those canners and preservers who introduce benzoate of soda

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into their products are making a great campaign to create a public opinion favorable to benzoate of soda. They claim that the opinion of President Remsen, one of the greatest of living chemists, and of Professor Chittenden, one of the greatest of living physiologists, removes all distrust of benzoate of soda in food products; they say that benzoate of soda is found in natural fruits; and they assert that it cannot be used by unscrupulous manufacturers as a preserver of cheap dirty, or decayed materials.

The last assertion is one still open to discussion, and, in our judgment, the burden of proof still rests with the users of benzoate of soda. No one questions the authority of President Remsen and Professor Chittenden and their associates as scientists or their integrity as men, but they have not undertaken nor have they been called upon to investigate the cheap preserving factories of the country in order to discover whether benzoate of soda is employed for the purpose of concealing inferior material. The food consumers of this country have suffered in the past, not at all from limitations placed upon chemical preservatives, but from their unscrupulous use. The enactment of the National Pure Food Law was a great step in advance for the protection of the consumers of manufactured food of all sorts. It is true that benzoate of soda is used in some food products of a high grade, not to conceal bad material, but because the manufacturers believe that they can best maintain the natural flavor in this way. But, in view of the past, no one can complain if chemical preservatives are looked upon with suspicion, and, considering the prevailing commercial standards in this country, it appears to us that there is more danger of giving food manufacturers too much latitude than there is of restricting them too much. The controversy over benzoate of soda will at least have served one good purpose if it arouses the country to the need of the most rigorous kind of inspection and regulation of every class of food-producing establishment. In some way the country will insist that only wholesome materials are used, and that hygienic methods of preparing those materials are followed.

And, finally, the manufacturers who believe sincerely in the right and propriety of their use of benzoate of soda are not really doing their cause good by some of their methods of creating public opinion. An organization bearing the high-sounding title of the National Association for the Promotion of Public Health, and purporting to be a philanthropic and public-spirited society, is really maintained as an advertising or press agency by some at least of the manufacturing group which use benzoate of soda. This press agency recently submitted to The Outlook for publication an article by a physician which, under the guise of a charitable appeal for poor children suffering from infantile paralysis, was a thinly disguised advocacy of the use of benzoate of soda in preserved foods. The Outlook of course declined the article, and it can hardly be said that its confidence in the commercial advocates of benzoate of soda was greatly increased by the incident.

THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM

THE CITY AND THE LAW

As The Outlook stated last week, all municipal questions fall into two categories. In the one are questions concerning the source of authority, in the other are questions concerning the function and forms of government. Of these two sets of questions the first is the more important because it is fundamental. One reason why many attempts at reform in city administration have failed is because they have been directed toward changing the forms or the activities of the city government without ascertaining the authority under which the city government should act. This has been exemplified in the method by which cities have undertaken to enforce the law.

An illustration may make this clear. The liquor excise law under which the people of New York City live is an enactment of the State Legislature; but its enforcement has heretofore been dependent chiefly upon the police and the magistrates of New York City. It is notorious that this law has largely failed of its purpose except as a revenue measure. It has not prevented the spread of

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disorder and vice, and it has not secured the closing of bar-rooms at the times specifically provided in the law. Repeated efforts have been made to see that the law is enforced. There have been appeals to the police authorities. There have been cases repeatedly brought before the magistrates. There have been societies organized to give officials weapons with which to fight the lawless or to supply them with a fear of consequences of failure. In spite of all, this law is not observed; on the contrary, it has afforded dealers in vice and corrupt officials opportunity to form profitable partnerships. What is the reason for this continued evil? It is the same reason as that for the continuance of many other municipal evils. Reformers have been attempting to change the activities of the government without undertaking to see that that government rests upon a sound principle of authority.

The power which enacts a law ought to be the power intrusted with the duty of enforcing the law. If a State enacts an excise law, it is the State and not the city that ought to be held responsible for the enforcement of that excise law. It is neither wise nor just to expect a political organism which does not, or may not, approve of a statute to see that that statute is enforced. If a city is expected to enforce a law, it should have the liberty of determining what that law is to be. Under a democracy the law is the expressed will of a community. It is not to be expected that a portion of that community will necessarily hold the same views as the whole community. It ought to be the whole community whose will is expressed that sees to the carrying out of that will. The State should enact only those laws which the State can enforce, and should leave to the city the enactment of laws that the city is expected to enforce. This is a sound principle of self-government.

It is not easy always to apply this principle practically, but it is possible to apply it approximately, as is not now done. There are many cases, for example, in which the city must act as agent of the State. In such cases the authorities within the city who are held responsible for a line of action should be held responsible to those administrative officials of the State whose duties are concerned with that particular line of action. For example, the city Department of Health, in so far as it acts as an agent of the State, should be accountable not to the Legislature but to the State Department of Health. This is in accord with the principle we have enunciated, that the power which enacts a law should be held responsible for enforcing that law. At the same time, it avoids legislative interference with local matters, and insures approximation to the rule that an agent should be accountable to his principal.

The consequences of the adoption of this principle, that the law-maker should be the law-enforcer, must be far-reaching. On the one hand, it would mean that the administrative and executive branches of the State government would have to be strengthened in order that the State might assume the responsibility that rests upon it for the enforcement of its own laws. On the other hand, the legislative branches of the city government would rise in power and in dignity, for they would be called upon to make many regulations and laws for the people of the city which are now made by the State.

WHY HE VEILS HIMSELF

Carlyle's cry, uttered more than once in great perplexity of mind and anguish of spirit, "If God would only speak again!" is repeated, generation after gen eration, by hosts of the most earnest men and women. It is the cry of the human spirit for light; for the assurance that the things it believes are true; for that immovable foundation of certainty which cannot be shaken, and will stand evident, tangible, and indisputably real among the mutations and uncertainties of life. In the thought of Carlyle when he uttered that cry there was a fundamental historical defect. He was accepting the direct Divine inspiration of great spirits in the past, but denying it in the present. He was permitting himself to be a victim of that illusion of time which makes the past beautiful by erasing its ugly features and the echo of it harmonious by eliminating its discords. If God has ever spoken in the world, he speaks to-day. It is incredible that, in a distant past, the human

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spirit should have been touched by inspiration, and that to-day that same spirit should be abandoned to merely human impulse and divination. If God has ever spoken, he is speaking to-day just as authoritatively through his modern prophets as he spoke through his ancient prophets. Carlyle himself, crying out in the anguish of his spiritual education for certainty, was one of God's prophets. There were limitations to his insight, sharp limitations to his power of sympathy; he was often misled in his judgment; but nevertheless, in his passionate declaration of the rule of righteousness, his protest against the authority of mere numbers or mere wealth, his appeal for justice and mercy to working women and children, his affirmation of the supremacy of duty and the dignity of the individual soul, Carlyle was as truly a prophet as was Isaiah or Jeremiah. And there were many other prophets in his day and among his contemporaries: Robertson, Tennyson, Maurice, were voices of the Most High, as were Bushnell, Brooks, and Beecher, to name a few from the great teachers of the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the ocean; and in public life in Carlyle's time, as to-day, there were prophets of the Most High, reaffirming the supremacy of conscience, defining righteousness in law and method, calling men from dishonesty and selfishness to higher ideals of action and of life. Every age has its own witnesses of the God who, as Christ declared, is the God not of the dead but of the living. Each age has its own special inspiration, and every age writes its own chapter in that great book of revelation which we call history.

People who cry out for certainty forget that in the very nature of things it is impossible for the Infinite to make his presence indisputably manifest at any time among any people; to evidence his being with the same physical certainty and to make his presence as definite, palpable, and tangible as a physical fact is definite, palpable, and tangible. If God were to reveal himself as a human personality reveals itself, not only by spiritual and intellectual influences of all kinds, but by a tangible presence, freedom would vanish from the world, and there would be an instant annihilation of the human will. One of the most marvelous things about the stage of education through which we pass in this life is the respect which the Infinite pays to our personality, the scrupulous care with which we are protected from what might be called the invasion of the Divine. When the Divine appeared among men in a form which could be recognized and with a voice that used human language, it was veiled in a personality, and its power was expressed mainly, as human power is expressed, by nobility of teaching, by those works of mercy and helpfulness which made its path through life blossom with the flowers of kindness, in a spirit radiant with love and disclosing the Divine by its purity, its devotion, and its sweetness; but if the Infinite were to manifest itself as a human personality manifests itself, an appalling silence would fall on the world. We cannot understand what it would be to see God face to face. Formerly in the Russian Court the respect for the Czar and the awe which his presence inspired were so great that when he appeared in any assemblage men were struck dumb. They felt as if they were in the presence of a superior being. They lost their power of self-expression. This is a very feeble illustration of what would happen if the Infinite were suddenly to reveal his presence unmistakably to men. Every man would be struck dumb, every will would be subjugated, freedom would vanish like a flash of lightning; the whole race would be hypnotized, so to speak. The world of moral activity, with freedom of choice, the chief function of which is to produce character, would be annihilated; and in its place would be substituted a world of necessity in which men would be puppets. The world is full of the evidences of God's presence; but nowhere does he force himself on men. Pascal wisely said: "God wished to render himself perfectly recognizable to those who seek him with their whole heart, and hidden from those who shun him with all their heart." It is because we are his children and not mere puppets of the Divine ingenuity and miraculous mechanism that he leaves us free to accept or reject him; that his glory, which would be unendurable, is veiled from us; and that he comes to us by a thousand byways instead of

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standing in the highway; and that heaven is not forced upon us and is for our seeking.

THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator has a cousin who is in the advertising business. Now, in old days, such a cousin would have been, probably, one of the poor relatives of the family. To-day he is easily the most prosperous, the most up to date, and in many ways, the Spectator freely admits, by far the cleverest of the clan. It was his cleverness, indeed, which led him into his present vocation; for, having a mind formed to understand and influence his fellows, he deliberately chose the advertising field as the best place to use it. "Advertising is the every-day name for my profession," he told the Spectator the other day, "but its true name is psychology. No man not a born psychologist can be a great advertiser. Mind-reading? Why, I don't do anything else, practically. But a good advertiser is ahead of any of your professors and mediums—he can read the mind of the man he never has seen and never will see who lives in Alaska or Kalamazoo or down the back street. And if he doesn't study and keep up, he drops to the rear. Men in other businesses may learn to shirk and take it easy; but the advertising man must be unflagging, or some one else pushes him aside."

In proof of this, the prosperous cousin was that week attending a meeting of the Advertising League, which was working out an advertising and selling campaign of an entirely imaginary "Time Meter Clock Company." A dinner and good fellowship generally preceded the discussion, and then officers, directors, sales and advertising managers, appointed from among the guests, plunged into the organization of the thing. One million dollars' worth of time meter clocks, imaginary in pattern and protected by various imaginary patents, were to be retailed at three dollars each. The question—academic to the Spectator, but tremendously vital to these keen-witted promoters—as to whether this purely hypothetical timepiece should be advertised to the consumer and sold thus through retailers only, or whether the wholesale jobber should be given discount and protection, almost set the members at each other's throats. When the advertising proper came to be discussed, the comparative merits of magazines, trade journals, metropolitan dailies, and country weeklies were all taken up, and also the character of the advertisements, which it was decided must be "dignified" and "legitimate," with no "scheme" matter about them. The entire country, it was finally concluded, must be reached at once, in a general way, by magazines and trade periodicals, but there must be concentration in one special section, so as to make a strong nucleus of impression. Then a broadening out must follow, till all sections would have the time meter clock ringing in their ears, so to speak. Men who sold writing-paper and men who marketed locomotives alike agreed upon essential principles—and they were principles of psychology, as well as of the market-place.

"You see," said the cousin, explaining it afterward to the Spectator, "it's all publicity, of course, in the beginning. As the old advertising rhyme says,

> "'The man who has a thing to sell,
> And goes and whispers it down a well,
> Is not so likely to collar the dollars
> As he who climbs a tree and hollers,'

but then there is publicity and publicity. You can get an advertisement before the eyes of every man in America—that's only mechanical, after all; but you can't get him to read it or remember it unless it is good stuff, and true stuff, too. Insincere advertising doesn't pay. More than that, it hurts business. Do what you say or don't advertise. But when you believe in the article, you've only got two of the three elements of advertising—old Greek elements they are, that all philosophers recognize—the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. And the Beautiful—well, there's the rub!

"Some advertisers queer it all by the names they put on their unfortunate products," he went on, pulling a scrap of paper out of his pocket. "I've got a list of names here that I cut out of an advertising

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journal the other day as samples of how not to do it. They're failures, of course—invalids or dead; but just glance over them." The Spectator ran his eye over the death list. "Has-wazzers and never-wazzers," commented his companion, "killed by their names. The average man or woman is not going into a store to ask for a thing he or she can't pronounce. It might make the clerk smile to hear the stumbling utterance. An easy, euphonious name that a six-year-old child can pronounce and an idiot can remember—that is the requisite for an ideal advertising name. It must not suggest anything unpleasant either, or be too much like the name of anything else on the market. The choice of a title for a successful novel is nothing to it in difficulty."

The Spectator, remembering that his cousin had chosen a name for a famous specialty that was a household word, remembered also how firmly that name had stuck in his memory the first time he saw it, and felt a new respect for the psychology of advertising and for the expert by his side. That evening, as he picked up a magazine, his interest led him to turn to the advertising pages, and he realized afresh how clever they were, and how healthful and vigorous was their tone. There was some morbid fiction—more's the pity—in that magazine; but who ever heard of a morbid advertisement? The children were all healthy, happy, and beautiful. The Beautiful—yes, here it was. Everywhere the pretty girl, the stalwart, handsome youth, the lovely interior, the woodland vista, the high-bred horse or dog, the mountaln landscape, the beckoning ocean, the cherub baby. Everywhere the hero and heroine—buying a cook-stove together, traveling on a yacht with patent fixtures, or in a speeding motor car, or on a special train route, or at the piano in the twilight, or hunting or fishing with the last make of rifle and rod, or on a hotel porch or in a summer cottage beside a phonograph. In these attractive forms each man or woman sees himself or herself, past, present, or future. What wonder that the six best sellers pale into insignificance beside these idyls and their potent appeal? The Spectator himself did not get very far through the entrancing pages. He was winged almost at once, and has been saving up ever since so that he and Mrs. Spectator shall have one of those pictured experiences, which he cannot resist making his own.

Since then, with eyes partly opened to the art and mystery of up-to-date advertising, the Spectator has noticed various interesting points. He has picked up an advertising journal, and found it a true curiosity of periodical literature, with the best possible reading on every lively page. He has seen the "Advertiser's Cyclopedia of Selling Phrases"—a book of fifteen hundred pages, like a rhyming dictionary, only infinitely more so, and deserving the title by which it is advertised, "a clearing-house of trade pullers." With its aid, one man has tersely put it, "you could sell carpets to a cave-dweller," and the Spectator does not doubt this picturesque praise. He has also attended in a department store a first-class menagerie of wild animals, caged in orthodox style, lions, tigers, camels, baby elephant, monkeys, and all, on show for a week as an advertising attraction. He has noticed that towns and cities are advertising themselves in splendidly planned campaigns; that charities advertise with remarkable skill; that detectives and doctors have taken to psychological advertising. Above all, he has found (and his knowledge of Mrs. Spectator applauds the fact) that seventy-five per cent of all American advertising is addressed to the American woman, as being the one who decides the buying of the country. Psychology and the Eternal Feminine—these are the watchwords of the Art of Publicity. That is why it goes on conquering and to conquer!

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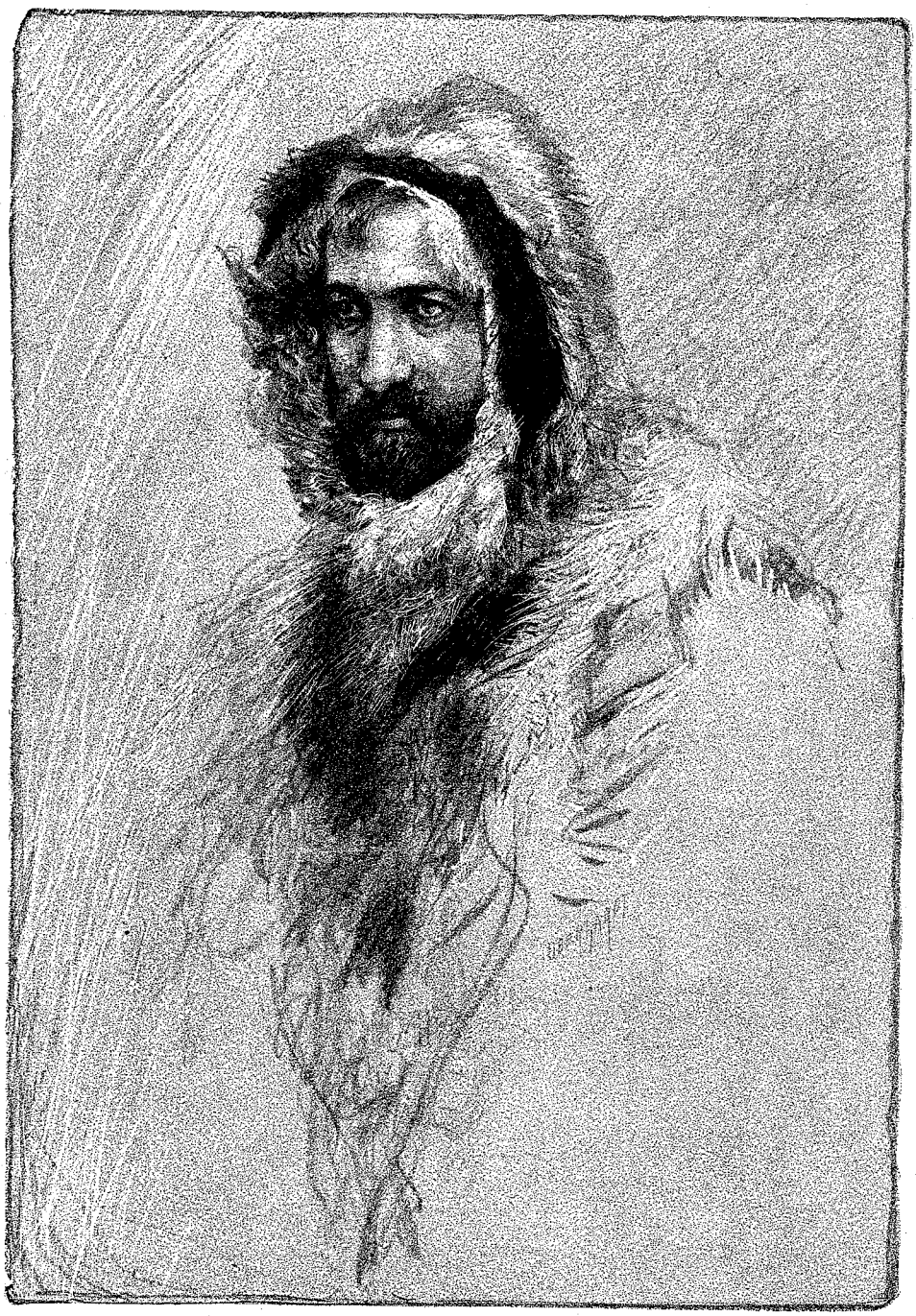

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

Drawn by William Oberhardt

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THE NORTH POLE AT LAST[1]

BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

The announcement that Dr. Frederick A. Cook has discovered the North Pole has such universal interest, not only as an item of current news, but as an event in the geographic history of the world, that we here reprint by special permission from the New York Herald his own first story of his exploit. The Herald, with its customary enterprise and foresight, secured the story from Dr. Cook by cable at the first point at which he touched after leaving Greenland—Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands.—THE EDITORS.

Lerwick, Shetland Islands, September 1.

AFTER a prolonged fight against famine and frost we have at last succeeded in reaching the North Pole.

A new highway, with an interesting strip of animated nature, has been explored. Big game haunts were located which will delight the sportsman and extend the Eskimo horizon. Land has been discovered upon which rest the earth's northernmost rocks. A triangle of thirty thousand square miles has been cut out of the terrestrial unknown.

The expedition was the outcome of a summer cruise in Arctic seas. The yacht Bradley arrived at the limits of navigation in Smith Sound late in August, 1907. Here conditions were found favorable to launch a venture for the Pole. Mr. John R. Bradley liberally supplied from the yacht suitable provisions for local use, and my own equipment for emergencies served well for every purpose of Arctic travel. Many Eskimos had gathered on the Greenland shores at Annootok for the winter bear hunt. Immense catches of meat had been gathered. About the camp were plenty of strong dogs. The combination was lucky, for there was good material for an equipment, expert help, and an efficient motor force, and all that was required was conveniently arranged at a point only seven hundred miles from the boreal center. A house and workshop was built of packing-boxes. The willing hands of this northernmost tribe of two hundred and fifty people were set to the problem of devising a suitable outfit, and before the end of the long winter night we were ready for the enterprise. Plans were matured to force a new route over Grinnell Land and northward along its west coast out on the polar sea.

Soon after the polar midnight the campaign opened. A few scouting parties were sent over to the American shores to explore a way and to seek game haunts. Their mission was only partly successful because storms darkened the January moon. At sunrise of 1908 (February 19) the main expedition embarked for the Pole. Eleven men and one hundred and three dogs, drawing eleven heavily-loaded sledges, left the Greenland shore and pushed westward over the troubled ice of Smith Sound. The gloom of the long night was relieved by only a few hours of daylight. The chill of winter was felt at its worst. As we crossed the heights of Ellesmere Sound to the Pacific slope, the temperature sank to 83 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. Several dogs were frozen and the men suffered severely, but we soon found game trails along which an easy way was forced through Nansen Sound to the land's end. In this march were procured one hundred and one musk-oxen, seven bears, and three hundred and thirty-five hare, and then we pushed out into the polar sea from the southern point of Heiberg Island. On March 18 six Eskimos returned from here with four men and forty-six dogs, moving supplies for eighty days. The crossing of the circumpolar pack was begun three days later. Two other Eskimos, forming the last supporting party, returned. The trains had now been reduced by the survival of the fittest. The Stuckshook and Ahwelsh, the two best men, and twenty-six dogs were packed for the final dash. There was before us an unknown line of four hundred and sixty miles to our goal.

The first days provided long marches, and we made encouraging progress. The big lead which separated the land ice from

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the central pack was crossed with little delay. Low temperature and persistent winds made life a torture, but, cooped in snow houses, eating dried beef and tallow and drinking hot tea, some animal comforts were occasionally to be gained. For several days after the sight of known land was lost the overcast skies prevented an accurate determination of our positions. On March 30 the horizon was partly cleared of its smoky agitation, and over the western mist was discovered a new land. The observations gave our position latitude 84° 47′, longitude 86° 36′. The urgent need of rapid advance on our main mission did not permit a detour to explore the coast. Here were seen the last signs of solid earth. Beyond there was nothing stable, and even on scaling nothing was noted to mark the terrestial Polar solidity. We advanced steadily over the monotony of a moving sea of ice.

We now found ourselves beyond the range of all life. Neither the footprints of bears nor the blow-holes of seals were detected. Even the microscopic creatures of the deep were no longer under us. The maddening influence of the shifting desert of frost became almost unendurable in the daily routine. The surface of the pack offered less and less trouble. The weather improved, bnt still there remained a light life-sapping wind, which drove despair to its lowest recess. Under the lash of duty, however, interest was forced, while the merciless drive of extreme cold enforced physical action. Thus, day after day, the weary legs were spread over big distances. The incidents and the positions were recorded, but the adventure was promptly forgotten in the mental bleach of the next day's effort.

The night of April 7 was made notable by the swing of the sun at midnight over the northern ice. Sunburns and frost-bites were now recorded on the same day, but the double days of glitter infused quite an incentive into our life of shivers. Observations on April 8 placed our camp at latitude 86° 36″, longitude 94° 2″. In spite of what seemed like long marches, we had advanced but a little more than one hundred miles in nine days. Much of our hard work was lost in circuitous twists around troublesome pressure lines and high, irregular fields of very old ice. The drift, too, was driving eastward with sufficient force to give some anxiety, though we were still equal to about fifteen miles daily. The extended marches and the long hours of travel with which fortune had favored us earlier were no longer possible.

We were now about two hundred miles from the Pole, and the sled loads were reduced. One dog after another had gone into the stomachs of his hungry survivors, until the teams were considerably reduced, but there seemed to remain a sufficient balance of man and brute to push along into the heart of the mystery to which we had set ourselves. Beyond the eighty-sixth parallel the ice-fields became more extensive and heavier, the crevices fewer and less troublesome, with little or no crushed ice thrown up as barriers. From the eighty-seventh to the eighty-eighth, much to our surprise, was the indication of land ice. For two days we traveled over ice which resembled a glacial surface. The usual sea ice lines of demarcation were absent, and there were no hummocks or deep crevices. There was, however, no perceptible elevation, and no positive sign of land or sea. Observations on the 14th gave latitude 88° 21′, and longitude 95° 52′.

We were now less than one hundred miles from the Pole. The pack was here more active, but the temperature remained below 40, cementing together quickly the new crevices. Young ice spread on the narrow spaces of open water so rapidly that little delay was caused in crossing from one field to another. The time had now arrived to muster energy for the last series of efforts. In the enforced effort every human strand was strained, and at camping time there was no longer sufficient energy to erect a snow shelter, though the temperature was still very low. The silk tent was pressed into service, and the change proved agreeable. It encouraged a more careful scrutiny of the strange world into which fate had pressed us.

Signs of land were still seen every day, but they were deceptive illusions or a mere flight of fancy. It seemed that something must cross the horizon to mark the important area into which we were pushing. When the sun was low, the eye

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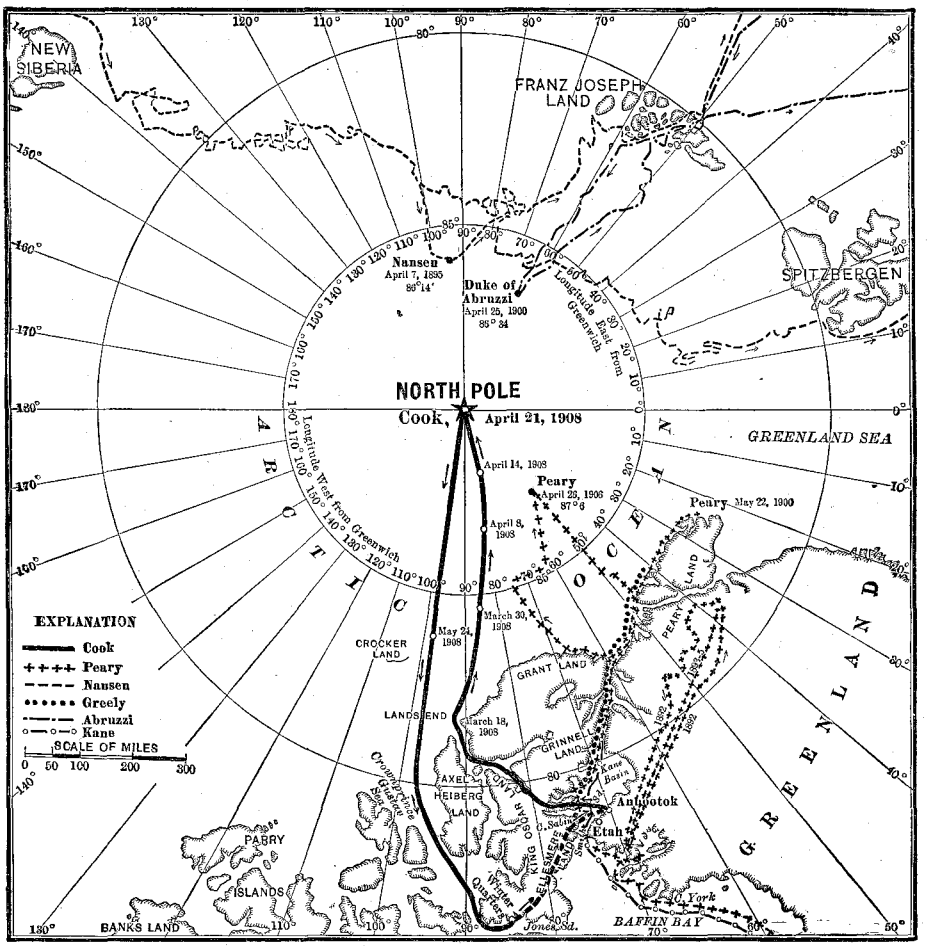

DR. COOK'S ROUTE TO THE NORTH POLE

ran over the moving plains of color to dancing horizons. The mirages turned things topsy-turvy. Inverted mountains and queer objects ever rose and fell in shrouds of mystery, but all of this was due to the atmospheric magic of the midnight sun. Slowly but surely we neared the turning-point. Good astronomical observations were daily procured to fix the advancing stages. The ice steadily improved, but still there was a depressing monotony of scene, and life had no pleasures, no spiritual recreation, nothing to relieve the steady physical drag of chronic fatigue. But there came an end to this, as to all things. On April 21 the first corrected altitude of the sun gave 89° 59′ 46″. The Pole, therefore, was in sight. We advanced the fourteen seconds, made supplementary observations, and prepared to stay long enough to permit a double round of observations. Etukishook and Ahwelab were told that we had reached the "Neig Nail," and they sought to celebrate by an advance of savage joys.

At last we had pierced the boreal center and the flag had been raised to the coveted breezes of the North Pole. The day was April 21, 1908. The sun indicated local noon, but time was a negative problem, for here all meridians meet. With a step it was possible to go from one part of the globe to the opposite side. From the hour of midnight to that of midday the latitude was 90, the temperature 38, and the barometer 29.83. North, east, and west had vanished. It was south in every direction, but the compass pointing to the magnetic pole was as useful as ever.

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Though overjoyed with the success of the conquest, our spirits began to descend on the following day. After all the observations had been taken with a careful study of the local conditions, a sense of intense loneliness came with the further scrutiny of the horizon. What a cheerless spot to have aroused the ambition of man for so many ages. An endless field of purple snows. No life. No land. No spot to relieve the monotony of frost. We were the only pulsating creatures in a dead world of ice. We turned our backs to the Pole on April 23, and began the long return march. Counting on a continued easterly drift, the course was forced further west. With fair weather, good ice, and the inspiration of the home run, long distances were at first quickly covered. Below the eighty-seventh parallel the character of the ice changed very much, and it became evident that the season was advancing rapidly. With a good deal of anxiety we watched the daily reduction of the food supply. It now became evident that the crucial stage of the campaign was to be transferred from the taking of the Pole to a final battle for life against famine and frost. The clear blue of the skies changed to a steady, dismal gray. Several days of icy despair followed each other in rapid succession. There were some violent gales, but usually the wind did not rise to the full force of a storm.

With starvation as the alternative, we could not wait for better weather. Some advance was made nearly every day, but the cost of the desperate effort pressed life to the verge of extinction. On May 24 the sky cleared long enough to give us a set of observations. We had reached the eighty-fourth parallel near the ninety-seventh meridian. The ice was much broken, and drifted eastward, leaving many open spaces of water.

There remained on our sleds scarcely enough food to reach our caches on Nansen Sound unless we averaged fifteen miles daily. With the disrupted "lalack" and reduced strength we were hardly equal to ten miles daily. Trying to make the best of our hard lot, a straight course was set for the musk-ox lands of the inner crossing. At the eighty-third parallel we found ourselves to the west of a large tract extending southward. The ice changed to small fields. The temperature rose to zero, and a persistent mist obscured the heavens. The events of the following day were pressed into desperate action. With a few lines on paper to register the life of suffering, the food for man and dog was reduced to a three-quarter ration, while the difficulties of ice travel rose to disheartening heights.

At the end of a struggle of twenty days through thick fog, the sky cleared and we found ourselves far down in Crown Prince Gustav Sea, with open water and impossible small ice as a barrier between us and Heiberg Island. In the next few days bears came along as life-savers. The empty stomachs were spread and the horizon, for a time, was cleared of trouble. With the return to Annootok rendered difficult by the unfortunate westerly drift, we now sought to follow the ice movement south to Lancaster Sound, where we hoped to reach a Scottish whaler. Early in July further southward progress became impossible, and in quest of food we crossed the Firth of Devon into Jones Sound. The dogs were here given the freedom of their wolf propensities, and by folding boat and sled we tried to reach Baffin's Bay. With but an occasional bird to eat and a long line of misfortune, we pushed eastward until the frost of early September stopped progress. With neither food, fuel, nor ammunition, we were forced to wrest winter supplies from what seemed at first like a lifeless desert. Pressed by hunger, new implements were shaped, and Cape Sparbo was picked as a likely place to find life. Game was located with the bow and arrow, the line, the lance, and the knife. The musk-ox, bear, and wolves yielded meat, skins, and fat. An underground den was prepared, and in it we remained until sunrise of 1909.

On February 18 the start was made for Annootok. With a newly prepared equipment, the Greenland shores were reached on April 15. Here we were greeted by Harry Whitney and an anxious group of Eskimo friends. To facilitate an early return I moved southward to the Danish settlement, and reached Upernavik on May 21, 1909.

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PROTECT THE WORKMAN

BY JOHN MITCHELL

"CERTAIN steamship companies are bringing to this port many immigrants whose funds are manifestly inadequate for their proper support until such time as they are likely to obtain profitable employment. Such action is improper and must cease. In the absence of a statutory provision, no hard and fast rule can be laid down as to the amount of money an immigrant must bring with him, but in most cases it will be unsafe for immigrants to arrive with less than twenty-five dollars besides railroad ticket to destination; while in many cases they should have more. They must, in addition, of course, satisfy the authorities that they will not become charges upon either public or private charity."

No official bulletin upon the subject of immigration has attracted more attention or caused more discussion than that issued under date of June 28, 1909, by the Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, from which the above excerpt is taken. It is both interesting and significant to observe the expressions of approval and disapproval of the principle laid down by Commissioner Williams for the guidance of prospective immigrants and the steamship companies through whose instrumentality large numbers of aliens are induced to leave the countries of their nativity and seek temporary or permanent homes upon our shores.

While this article is written from the standpoint of a wage-earner, the subject is approached from the view-point of an American, because, fundamentally, no governmental policy can be of permanent value to the wage-earners as such that is not beneficial to our country and all our people. And it is because a high standard of living and a progressive improvement in the conditions of life and labor among workingmen are essential to the prosperity of the whole people, that the wage-earners believe in a reasonable and effective regulation of immigration.

The Commissioner at the port of New York, in serving timely notice upon steamship companies, and indirectly upon the people of the Old World, that "in most cases it will be unsafe for immigrants to arrive with less than twenty-five dollars, besides railroad ticket to destination," has laid down a rule that, if followed, will not only afford some measure of protection to American labor, but will also protect the poor and oppressed of other countries by deterring them from coming here without adequate means to enable them to maintain themselves until such time as they can secure employment at a rate of wages comparable to the standard prevailing in the trade in which they seek work. When it becomes known in the countries of Europe that it is necessary for an immigrant to have in his possession a sufficient amount of money to pay his own way to the interior of the United States and to live until he can secure work at the prevailing rate of wages, only such immigrants will seek admission as are of the better class, and the danger of lowering the American standard of living will be materially reduced. It goes without saying that it is no advantage to society when an alien gains admission to our country and is forced by his necessities to accept employment at a rate of wages lower than the established or prevailing rate in the class of work he undertakes to do. And it is a real hardship to the American workman and a loss to society if the newly arrived immigrant underbids him and secures the job held by one of our own citizens.

The standard of wages for both skilled and unskilled labor in the United States has been built up as a result of years and years of energetic effort, struggle, and sacrifice. When an immigrant without resources is compelled to accept work at less than the established wage rate; he not only displaces a man working at the higher rate, but his action threatens to destroy the whole schedule of wages in the industry in which he secures employment, because it not infrequently occurs that an employer will attempt to regulate wages on the basis of the lowest rate paid to any of the men in his employ. Any reduction

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in wages means a lowering of the standard of living, and the standard of living among a civilized people cannot be lowered without lowering in the same ratio the physical standard and the intellectual and moral ideals of that people.

Of course it may be said that this observation is not borne out by the experience and the history of our country. It is admittedly true that our population is largely an immigrant population, and that the standard of living has gradually tended higher; but in considering the influence and effects of stimulated immigration it is necessary to contrast conditions now with conditions prevailing in the past, and also to keep in mind the change that has taken place in the extent and the character of the immigration.

If the number of aliens coming annually to the United States were no greater now than in any year between 1820 and 1880, there would be, and could be, no reasonable ground for complaint; indeed, there would be little demand from wage-earners for the enactment of laws restricting immigration if the number of aliens arriving did not exceed the number admitted in any year up to 1900, provided, of course, that such aliens were not brought here as contract laborers, or were not physically, mentally, or morally defective.

That immigration in recent years has been stimulated beyond the line of assimilative possibility will be apparent even to the casual observer when the volume of immigration at the present time and in the recent past is compared with the number of immigrants who arrived here during the first eighty years for which statistics have been tabulated. For illustration, more aliens were admitted through our ports in one year, 1907, than were admitted during the entire twenty-four years from 1820 to 1843, inclusive; and nearly as many aliens were admitted in the five years from 1904 to 1908, inclusive, as were admitted during the forty years from 1820 to 1859, inclusive.

It is important to an intelligent understanding of this subject that at this point consideration be given not only to the extent of present immigration as compared with the immigration of early times, but also to the character and intention of many aliens who in recent years have gained admission to our country. It is safe to say that prior to 1880 nearly every immigrant, except contract laborers, left his own country for the purpose of making a permanent home for himself and his posterity in the country of his adoption. The immigrant of those days was a sturdy, adventurous pioneer, who was willing to undertake and withstand the struggles and the hardships incident to the development of a new and ofttimes dangerous country. He expected to carve out a career for himself, to build his home, and to find employment on ground and in fields upon which no other man had claim. The avenues and the opportunities of employment and home-building of early times have largely passed away. To-day the alien has not the chance, even though he have the inclination, to be a constructive factor in the development of a new and high civilization. Large numbers of the immigrants of recent years regard our country simply as a foraging ground, in which they expect to make a "stake," and, when they have done so, to return to their own countries and spend the remainder of their lives there; and this "stake" is too often accumulated by eating and living in a manner destructive of physical and social health. An immigration of this character is of absolutely no benefit to us. The alien who enjoys the advantages and protection of our Government, and afterwards takes or sends his accumulated savings back to the country of his birth, is not unlike our butterflies of fashion whose parents invest American millions in the purchase of foreign titles.

That the question of immigration presents a real problem, which is rapidly approaching a crisis, is evidenced by many circumstances, all of which point in the same direction—not the least of these being the act of Congress creating a commission to make an exhaustive investigation into the effects of immigration upon our National life. From public and private institutions of charity comes the ominous warning that the means at hand are insufficient to relieve the cry of distress; the bread line, that standing indictment against society which has been duplicated in other cities and in other sections of the city of New York, proclaims louder than words that something is radically

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wrong. Trade unions, ever jealous of their prestige and of the dignity and self-respect of their members, have given out millions of dollars to buy bread for those of their number who cannot find work to do. And all this time, during which able-bodied men anxious and willing to work are tramping the streets and the highways in idleness, hundreds of thousands of immigrants are pouring in upon us—some to make the struggle of the American worker more difficult to bear, and others to be recruited into that army of unemployed which threatens to become a permanent institution of our National life.

It is not sufficient to say that these are abnormal conditions, the result of a temporary industrial depression, or that the evils will vanish with the return of "good times." While there can be no doubt that a revival of industrial activity will relieve, in a measure, the strain of the situation, and perhaps the cry of want and the mutterings of discontent will be less frequently heard, nevertheless a cure will not be effected and the problem will remain unsolved. The world does not owe a living to an able-bodied man, but society does owe its workmen an opportunity to earn a living under fair and reasonable conditions. The first duty of a community is to give its own members the opportunity of being employed at decent wages; then, and not until then, its arms should be held wide open to welcome the less favored of every nation and of every clime.

The American wage-earner, be he native or immigrant, entertains no prejudice against his fellow from other lands; but, as self-preservation is the first law of nature, our workmen believe and contend that their labor should be protected against the competition of an induced immigration comprised largely of men whose standards and ideals are lower than our own. The demand for the exclusion of Asiatics, especially the Chinese and the Hindus, is based solely upon the fact that, as a race, their standard of living is extremely low and their assimilation by Americans impossible. The American wage-earner is not an advocate of the principle of indiscriminate exclusion which finds favor in some quarters, and he is not likely to become an advocate of such a policy unless he is driven to this extreme as a matter of self-preservation. He fails, however, to see the consistency of a legislative protective policy which does not, at the same time that it protects industry, give equal protection to American labor. If the products of our mills and factories are to be protected by a tariff on articles manufactured abroad, then, by the same token, labor should be protected against an unreasonable competition from a stimulated and excessive immigration.

And it is highly important to the peace and harmony of our population, whether it be native or alien, that discrimination against Americans shall not be permitted. Every good citizen will view with regret and foreboding the publication of advertisements, such as the following, which appeared in the Pittsburgh papers a few days ago:

> Men wanted. Tinners, catchers, and helpers, to work in open shops. Syrians, Poles, and Roumanians preferred. Steady employment and good wages to men willing to work. Fare paid and no fees charged.

The suggestion that American labor is not wanted is likely to arouse a sentiment of hostility against the foreign workers whose labor is preferred by the companies responsible for advertisements of this character. Nothing but evil can come from discord and racial antagonisms. At the same time that the American workman recognizes the necessity of reasonable restrictions upon the admission of future immigrants, he realizes that his own welfare depends upon being able to work and to live in harmony and fellowship with those who have been admitted and are now a part of our industrial and social life.

There is perhaps no group in America so free from racial or religious prejudice as the workingmen. It is a matter of indifference to them whether an immigrant comes from Great Britain, Italy, or Russia; whether he be black, white, or yellow; whether he be Christian, Mohammedan, or Jew. The chief consideration is that, wherever he comes from, he shall be endowed with the capacity and imbued with the determination to improve his own status in life, and equally determined to preserve and promote the standard of life of the people among whom he expects to live. The wage-earners, as a whole, have

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no sympathy with that narrow spirit which would make a slogan of the cry, "America for the Americans;" on the contrary, we recognize the immigrant as our fellow-worker; we believe that he has within him the elements of good citizenship, and that, given half a chance, he will make a good American; but a million aliens cannot be absorbed and converted into Americans each year; neither can profitable employment be found for a million newcomers each year, in addition to the natural increase in our own population.

That there is an inseparable relation between unemployment and immigration is demonstrated by the statistics which are available upon the subject. There are, of course, no complete data showing the extent and effects of unemployment, but from the records of twenty-seven national and international trade unions it is found that during the year 1908 from 10 to 70 per cent of the members of various trades were in enforced idleness for a period of one month or more. These twenty-seven unions are selected from the highly skilled trades, in which organization is most thorough and systematic. Their records show that an average of 32 per cent of the total membership was unemployed. If this ratio applied to other organizations, it would indicate that approximately 1,000,000 organized workmen were without employment during the past year. Assuming that unemployment affected the unskilled and unorganized wage-earners in the same proportion, it would mean that 2,500,000 wage-earners were unemployed; and while there has been a marked improvement in industrial conditions during the past few months, it will not be contended that unemployment is not still a serious problem, and the cause of great and general suffering. Indeed, it is perfectly safe to say that the unskilled and unorganized workmen suffered more from unemployment, both as to the proportion who were so unemployed and in actual physical and mental distress, because the organized workman, in most instances, had built up in normal times a fund upon which he could draw to tide him over his emergency; whereas the unskilled and unorganized workmen—many of whom are recently arrived immigrants—were forced to depend upon charity or upon the munificence of their friends to carry them over the industrial crisis.

In connection with this subject, a significant feature of our immigration problem presents itself. Of the 113,038 aliens admitted in March, 1909, which figures are typical of all other periods in recent years, only 10,224 were skilled workmen, while 77,058 were unskilled laborers; the remaining 25,756 being women and children, professional men, and others having no definite occupation. In other words, these figures show that less than ten per cent of the aliens admitted in the month of March were equipped and trained to follow a given line of employment, whereas 77,058 were thrust upon us, in most cases so situated that they would be compelled to accept the first job, and at any wages, offered to them. It is true that many thousands of these laborers are classed as "farm hands," but it requires no exhaustive inquiry to discover that a farm hand from Continental Europe rarely seeks employment as a farm laborer in America. Farming in Europe and farming in America are two separate and distinct propositions; in this country farming is done with modern machinery, in Continental Europe the work is done by hand, and the European farm laborer is little better equipped to operate the machinery on an American farm than is a section hand to drive a locomotive. The facts are that the immigrant who was a farm laborer in his own country seeks employment in America in the unskilled trades. He becomes a mill hand, a factory worker, an excavator, a section hand, and in large numbers he becomes a mine worker. It is only necessary to visit the mining districts of the Eastern and Central Western States, the mill towns, and the centers of the textile industry to find these erstwhile European farm laborers. They have been colonized, and because of the large numbers who are congregated together, the opportunity for or the possibility of their assimilation is greatly minimized. The temptation to establish and perpetuate the customs and standards of their own countries, instead of adopting the standards of our country, is so great that if the system of colonization continues it will take several generations to amalgamate

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these races and blend them into an American people. This condition is not best for them; neither is it good for us; it is simply the result of an unregulated immigration and an unwise distribution of aliens.

While wage-earners will undoubtedly indorse the principle laid down by the Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, the enforcement of that policy should not be discretionary with him. If we are going to regulate immigration at all, we should prescribe by law definite conditions, the application of which would result in securing only those immigrants whose standards and ideals compare favorably with our own. To that end wage-earners believe:

First: That, in addition to the restrictions imposed by the laws at present in force, the head tax of four dollars now collected should be increased to ten.

Second: That each immigrant, unless he be a political refugee, should bring with him not less than twenty-five dollars, in addition to the amount required to pay transportation to the point where he expects to find employment.

Third: That immigrants between the ages of fourteen and fifty years should be able to read a section of the Constitution of the United States, either in our language, in their own language, or in the language of the country from which they come.

While the writer holds no commission that gives him authority to speak in the name of the American wage-earners, he believes that he interprets correctly in this article their general sentiment upon the subject of immigration.

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE IMAGINATION

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.—2 Cor. x. 5.

THERE is a disease known as locomotor ataxia. The limbs refuse to obey the will, and the arms and legs move, so to speak, according to their own uncontrolled fancy. There is a locomotor ataxia of the mind. He who is afflicted with this disease—sometimes called wandering thoughts—cannot control his thinking. His mental processes act, or seem to act, independently of his will. The lack of mental self-control when carried to an extreme becomes a form of insanity. The possession of mental self-control in its highest degree amounts to genius.

A friend of mine recently told me this story of his experience with Theodore Roosevelt. He called at the White House to read to the President, at his request, a paper for the President's consideration. Mr. Roosevelt was reading a scientific book, told my friend to go ahead with his reading, and at the same time continued to read his book. My friend naturally concluded that his document was getting no attention, until, from questions interspersed from time to time, and remarks upon the document when the reading was over, he was forced to the conclusion that it was not the document but the book which had been practically ignored. But later, at luncheon, the President talked with a scientific guest of the scientific treatise in a way which showed conclusively that he had read it understandingly. My friend remarked humorously that Mr. Roosevelt did not give ordinary mortals a square deal; that psychologists tell us we use only one lobe of our brain, and it was evident that Mr. Roosevelt used both—one for the document, the other for the book. The story is here told because it furnishes an unusual illustration of the power of the will over the mental processes.

The first end of education is, or ought to be, to train the mind to habits of lawful thinking—that is, to thinking in obedience to laws recognized by the mind and

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enforced by the will. Lack of intellectual power is very often lack of will power. To attend is "to direct the mind." The first art the student has to acquire is the art of bringing the mind under the direction of the will, and so making it do the work which the student assigns to it.

This psychological law Paul recognizes in the phrase "Casting down imaginations, and every high that thing exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into activity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

To many persons the imagination appears to be by its very nature a lawless faculty; like a bird intended to flit hither and thither as it fancies, not to be directed or controlled in its flight. To many, an obedient imagination would seem like a contradiction in terms. Not so does it seem to the student of literature. He recognizes that there are intellectual laws of the imagination, and that he only is a true poet who either understands those laws and obeys them consciously, or intuitively feels their obligation and obeys them unconsciously. A lawless imagination never produced great literature.

But these laws are moral as well as intellectual. He who indulges in imaginary revenge is revengeful; he who indulges in imaginary lust is lustful: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." This is the inherent and ineradicable sin of vicious literature. The boy who feeds his imagination on tales of romantic burglars and freebooters is educating his imagination to a lawless life as surely as the boy who in a thieves' school is trained to pick the pocket of a comrade without being detected is educating his fingers in the skill of thievery. The youth who reads salacious books or goes to salacious plays is storing his imagination with pictures which will be later exhibited to him when he least wishes to look upon them. He is making his artistic nature a lawless nature. The imagination is like the tendrils of a vine: trained on a trellis, it lifts the vine up into the air and the sunlight; allowed to grovel on the ground, it fastens the vine to the earth, where worms crawl, bugs devour, and feet trample upon it.

Imagination and faith exercise the same function: imagination can hardly be said to give substance to things hoped for, but it is the evidence of things unseen. The power to see the unseen may be used in either one of three ways: it may conjure up sensual and brutal images; it may conjure up mere pleasing pictures; it may conjure up ideals superior to the life by which we are surrounded. In the first use it degrades; in the second it pleases; in the third it elevates. The first use promotes vice; the second may produce innocent pleasure; the third brings inspiration. Christ apparently used the imagination only for the purpose of instruction and inspiration. We are not therefore to conclude that his followers may not use it for the purposes of recreation, for these two uses are not inconsistent. But they may not use it to make or to look at attractive pictures of vice, for these uses are directly contradictory to each other.

We do not, perhaps, sufficiently recognize the fact that Jesus was a master in the creation of imaginative literature. His teaching was largely in illustration. And in his illustrations he took the common experiences of life to direct the mind to higher and unusual experiences. The material picture was made to divert the attention to the spiritual reality. Thus the sower sowing his seed was made to teach a lesson concerning the processes of education and the difficulties encountered by the teacher. A social feast was made to direct the thoughts toward the Kingdom of God. A care-free bird was made to teach the anxious how to be rid of needless anxieties. A father's love for a wayward son was made to interpret the love of the heavenly Father for his children. Thus to those who accept Jesus as an example of what life should be at its highest the literature which the Great Teacher has left serves as a model of what is the highest use of the imagination: to body forth in understandable object-lessons the supernatural truths of the invisible and spiritual world. To sum up the message of this sermon in two sentences:

We must make our thinking obedient to the laws of thought, and our imaginations obedient to the laws of the imagination.

The highest use to which we can put the imagination is to make material things the symbol of spiritual experiences.

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THE NEGRO'S LIFE IN SLAVERY

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

THE SECOND ARTICLE IN THE STORY OF THE NEGRO

SOME years ago one of the frequent subjects of discussion among the white people and the colored people was the question, Who was responsible for slavery in America? Some people said the English Government was the guilty party, because England would not let the colonies abolish the slave trade when they wanted to. Others said the New England colonies were just as deep in the mire as England or the Southern States, because for many years a very large share of the trade was carried on in New England ships.

As a matter of fact, there were, as near as I have been able to learn, three parties who were directly responsible for the slavery of the Negro in the United States.

First of all, there was the Negro himself. It should not be forgotten that it was the African who, for the most part, carried on the slave raids by means of which his fellow-African was captured and brought down to the coast for sale. When, some months ago, the Liberian embassy visited the United States, Vice-President Dossen explained to me that one reason why Liberia had made no more progress during the eighty-six years of its existence was the fact that for many years the little State had been engaged in a life-and-death struggle with native slave-traders, who had been accustomed for centuries to ship their slaves from Liberian ports and were unwilling to give up the practice. It was only after the slave trade had entirely ceased, he said, that Liberia had begun to exercise an influence upon the masses of the native peoples within its jurisdiction.

The second party to slavery was the slave-trader, who at first, as a rule, was an Englishman or a Northern white man. During the Colonial period, for instance, Newport, Rhode Island, was the principal headquarters of the slave trade in this country. At one time Rhode Island had one hundred and fifty vessels engaged in the traffic. Down to 1860 Northern capital was very largely invested in the slave trade, and New York was the port from which most of the American slave smugglers fitted out.

Finally, there was the Southern white man, who owned and worked the bulk of the slaves, and was responsible for what we now ordinarily understand as the slave system. It would be just as much a mistake, however, to assume that the South was ever solidly in favor of slavery as it is to assume that the North was always solidly against it. Thousands of persons in the Southern States were opposed to slavery, and numbers of them, like James G. Birney, of Alabama, took their slaves North in order to free them, and afterward became leaders in the anti-slavery struggle.

As with every other human thing, there is more than one side to slavery, and more than one way of looking at it. For instance, as defined in the slave laws in what was known as the Slave Code, slavery was pretty much the same at all times all over the South. The regulations imposed upon master and upon slave were, in several particulars, different for the different States. On the whole, however, as a legal institution, slavery was the same everywhere.

On the other hand, actual conditions were not only different in every part of the country, but they were likely to be different on every separate plantation. Every plantation was, to a certain extent, a little kingdom by itself, and life there was what the people who were bound together in the plantation community made it. The law and the custom of the neighborhood regulated, to a certain extent, the treatment which the master gave his slave. For instance, in the part of Virginia where I lived both white people and colored people looked with contempt upon the man who had the reputation of not giving his slaves enough to eat. If a slave went to an adjoining plantation for something to eat, the reputation of his master was damned in that community.

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On the whole, however, each plantation was a little independent state, and one master was very little disposed to interfere with the affairs of another.

The account that one gets of slavery from the laws that were passed for the government of slaves shows that institution on its worst side. No harsher judgment was ever passed on slavery, so far as I know, than that which will be found in the decision of a justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina in summing up the law in a case in which the relations of master and slave were defined.

The case I refer to, which was tried in 1829, was one in which the master, who was the defendant, was indicted for beating his slave. The decision which acquitted him affirmed the master's right to inflict any kind of punishment upon his slave short of death. The grounds upon which this judgment was based were that in the whole history of slavery there had been no such prosecution of a master for punishing a slave, and, in the words of the decision, "against this general opinion in the community the court could not hold."

It was a mistake, the decision continued, to say that the relations of the master and slave were like those of a parent and child. The object of the parent in training his son was to render him fit to live the life of a free man, and, as a means to that end, he gave him moral and intellectual instruction. In the case of the slave it was different. There could be no sense in addressing moral considerations to a slave. Chief Justice Ruffin, of North Carolina, summed up his opinion upon this point in these words:

> The end is the profit of the master, his security, and the public safety; the subject, one doomed in his own person and his posterity to live without knowledge and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits. What moral consideration shall be addressed to such a being to convince him, what it is impossible but that the most stupid must feel and know can never be true—that he is thus to labor upon a principle of natural duty, or for the sake of his own personal happiness? Such services can only be expected from one who has no will of his own, who surrenders his will in implicit obedience to that of another. Such obedience is the consequence only of uncontrolled authority over the body. There is nothing else which can operate to produce the effect. The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect.

In making this decision Justice Ruffin did not attempt to justify the rule he had laid down on moral grounds. "As a principle of right," he said, "every person in his retirement must repudiate it. But in the actual condition of things it must be so; there is no remedy. This discipline belongs to the state of slavery. It constitutes the curse of slavery both to the bond and free portion of our population."[1]

This decision brings out into plain view an idea that was always somewhere at the bottom of slavery—the idea, namely, that one man's evil is another man's good. The history of slavery, if it proves anything, proves that just the opposite is true; namely, that evil breeds evil, just as disease breeds disease, and that a wrong committed upon one portion of a community will, in the long run, surely react upon the other portion of that community.

There was a very great difference between the life of the slave on the small plantations in the uplands and upon the big plantations along the coasts. To illustrate, the plantation upon which I was born, in Franklin County, Virginia, had, as I remember, only six slaves. My master and his sons all worked together side by side with his slaves. In this way we all grew up together, very much like members of one big family. There was no overseer, and we got to know our master and he to know us. The big plantations along the coasts were usually carried on under the direction of an overseer. The master and his family were away for a large part of the year. Personal relations between them could hardly be said to exist.

John C. Calhoun, South Carolina's greatest statesman, was brought up on a plantation not very different from the one upon which I was raised. One of his biographers relates how Patrick Calhoun, John C. Calhoun's father, returning from his legislative duties in Charleston, brought home on horseback behind him

[1] "Slavery in the State of North Carolina," by John Spencer Bassett.

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a young African freshly imported in some English or New England vessel. The children in the neighborhood, and, no doubt, some of the older people, had never before seen a black man. He was the first one brought into that part of the country. Patrick Calhoun gave him the name of Adam. Some time later he got for him a wife. One of the children of the black man, Adam, was named Swaney. He grew up on the plantation with John C. Calhoun, and was for many years his playmate.

The conditions of the Negro slave were harder on some of the big plantations in the far South than they were elsewhere. That region was peopled by an enterprising class of persons, of whom many came from Virginia, bringing their slaves with them. The soil was rich, the planters were making money fast, the country was rough and unsettled, and there was undoubtedly a disposition to treat the slaves as mere factors in the production of corn, cotton, and sugar.

And yet there were plantations in this region where the relations between master and slave seem to have been as happy as one could ask or expect under the circumstances. On some of the large estates in Alabama and Mississippi which were far removed from the influence of the city, and sometimes in the midst of the wilderness, master and slaves frequently lived together under conditions that were genuinely patriarchal. But on such plantations there was, as a rule, no overseer.

As an example of the large plantations on which the relations between master and slave were normal and happy I might mention those of the former President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, and his brother Joseph Davis, in Warren County, Mississippi.

The history of the Davis family and of the way in which their plantations, the "Hurricane" and "Brierfield," came into existence is typical. The ancestors of the President of the Confederacy came originally from Wales. They settled first in Georgia, emigrated thence to Kentucky, and finally settled in the rich lands of Mississippi. In 1818 Joseph Davis, who was at that time a lawyer in Vicksburg, attracted by the rich bottom-lands along the Mississippi, took his father's slaves and went down the river, thirty-six miles below Vicksburg, to the place which is now called "Davis's Bend." There he began clearing the land and preparing it for cultivation.

At that time there were no steamboats on the Mississippi River, and the country was so wild that people traveled through the lonely forests mostly on horseback. In the course of a few years Mr. Davis, with the aid of his slaves, succeeded in building up a plantation of about five thousand acres, and became, before his death, a very wealthy man. One day he went down to Natchez and purchased in the market there a young negro who afterward became known as Ben Montgomery. This young man had been sold South from North Carolina, and because, perhaps, he had heard, as most of the slaves had, of the hard treatment that was to be expected on the big, lonesome plantations, had made up his mind to remain in the city. The first thing he did, therefore, when Mr. Davis brought him home, was to run away. Mr. Davis succeeded in getting hold of him again, brought him back to the plantation, and then, as Isaiah, Benjamin Montgomery's son, has told me, Mr. Davis "came to an understanding" with his young slave.

Just what that understanding was no one seems now to know exactly, but in any case, as a result of it, Benjamin Montgomery received a pretty fair education, sufficient, at any rate, to enable him in after years, when he came to have entire charge, as he soon did, of Mr. Davis's plantation, to survey the line of the levee which was erected to protect the plantation from the waters of the Mississippi, to draw out plans, and to compute the size of buildings, a number of which were erected at different times under his direction.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in her memoir of her husband, referring to Benjamin Montgomery, and to the manner in which Joseph Davis conducted his plantation, says:

> A maxim of Joseph E. Davis was, "The less people are governed, the more submissive they will be to control." This idea he carried out with his family and with his slaves. He instituted trial by jury of their peers, and taught them the legal form of holding it. His only share in the jurisdiction

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was the pardoning power. When his slave could do better for himself than by daily labor, he was at liberty to do so, giving either in money or other equivalent the worth of ordinary field service. One of his slaves kept a variety shop, and on many occasions the family bought of him at his own prices. He shipped, and indeed sometimes purchased, the fruit crops of the Davis families, and also of other people in "The Bend," and in one instance credited one of us with $2,000 on his account. The bills were presented by him with promptitude and paid, as were those of others on an independent footing, without delay. He many times borrowed from his master, but was equally as exact in his dealings with his creditors. His sons, Thornton and Isaiah, first learned to work, and then were carefully taught by their father to read, write, and cipher, and now Ben Montgomery's sons are both responsible men of property; one is in business in Vicksburg, and the other is a thriving farmer in the West.

Some years after the settlement on the bottom-lands at Davis's Bend had been made, Mr. Jefferson Davis joined his brother and lived for several years upon an adjoining plantation. The two brothers had much the same ideas about the management of their slaves. Both of them took personal supervision of their estates, and Jefferson Davis, like his brother, had a colored man to whom he refers as his "friend and servant, James Pemberton," who, until he died, seems to have had practically the whole charge of the Brierfield plantation, in the same way that Benjamin Montgomery had charge of the Hurricane. After the war both of these plantations were sold for the sum of $300,000 to Benjamin Montgomery and his sons, who conducted them for a number of years, until, as a result of floods and the low price of cotton, they were compelled to give them up.

As illustrating the kindly relations and good will which continued to exist between the ex-President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, and his former slaves, both during the years that they lived together on the plantation and afterward, Mrs. Davis has printed several letters written to her by them after Mr. Davis's death.

From all that I have been able to learn, the early slaves, and by these I mean the first generation which were brought to America fresh from Africa, seem to have remained more or less alien in customs and sympathy to their white masters. This was more particularly the case on the large plantations along the Carolina coast, where the slaves came very little in contact with their masters, and remained to a very large degree and for a considerable time merely an African colony on American soil.

But the later generations, those who knew Africa only by tradition, were different. Each succeeding generation of the Creole Negroes—to use the expression in its original meaning—managed to pick up more and more, as it had the opportunity, the language, the ideas, the habits, the crafts, and the religious conceptions of the white man, until the life of the black man was wholly absorbed into that of the plantation upon which he lived.

The Negro in exile from his native land neither pined away nor grew bitter. On the contrary, as soon as he was able to adjust himself to the conditions of his new life, his naturally cheerful and affectionate disposition began to assert itself. Gradually the natural human sympathies of the African began to take root in the soil of the New World, and then, growing up spontaneously, to twine about the life of the white man, by whose side the black man now found himself. The slave soon learned to love the children of his master, and they loved him in return. The quaint humor of the Negro slave helped him to turn many a hard corner. It helped to excuse his mistakes, and, by turning a reproof into a jest, to soften the resentment of his master for his faults.

Quaint and homely tales that were told around the fireside made the Negro cabin a place of romantic interest to the master's children. The simple, natural joy of the Negro in little things converted every change in the dull routine of his life into an event. Hog-killing time was an annual festival, and the corn-shucking was a joyous event which the whites and blacks, each in their respective ways, took part in and enjoyed. These corn-shucking bees, or whatever they may be called, took place during the last of November or the first half of December. They were a sort of a prelude to the festivities of the Christmas season. Usually they were held upon one of the larger and wealthier plantations.

After all the corn had been gathered, thousands of bushels, sometimes, it would

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be piled up in the shape of a mound, often to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Invitations would be sent around by the master himself to the neighboring planters, inviting their slaves on a certain night to attend. In response to these invitations as many as one or two hundred men, women, and children would come together.

When all were assembled around the pile of corn, some one individual, who had already gained a reputation as a leader in singing, would climb on top of the mound and begin at once, in clear, loud tones, a solo—a song of the corn-shucking season—a kind of singing which, I am sorry to say, has very largely passed from memory and practice. After leading off in this way, in clear, distinct tones, the chorus at the base of the mound would join in, some hundred voices strong. The words, which were largely improvised, were very simple and suited to the occasion, and more often than not they had the flavor of the camp-meeting rather than of any more secular proceeding. Such singing I have never heard on any other occasion. There was something wild and weird about that music, such as I suspect will never again be heard in America.

One of these songs, as I remember, ran about as follows:

I

Massa's niggers am slick and fat,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Shine just like a new beaver hat,
Oh! Oh! Oh!

REFRAIN

Turn out here and shuck dis corn,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Biggest pile o' corn seen since I was born,
Oh! Oh! Oh!

II

Jones's niggers am lean an' po';
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Don't know whether dey get 'nough to eat or no,
Oh! Oh! Oh!

REFRAIN

Turn out here and shuck dis corn,
Oh! Oh! Oh!
Biggest pile o' corn seen since I was born,
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Little by little the slave songs, the quaint stories, sayings, and anecdotes of the slave's life, began to give their quality to the life of the plantation. Half the homely charm of Southern life was made by the presence of a Negro. The homes that had no Negro servants were dreary by contrast, and that was not due to the fact that, ordinarily, the man who had slaves was rich and the man who had no slaves was poor.

The four great crops of the South—tobacco, rice, sugar, and cotton—were all raised by slave labor. In the early days it was thought that no labor except that of the Negro was suited to cultivate these great staples of Southern industry, and that opinion prevails pretty widely still. But it was not merely his quality as a laborer that made the Negro seem so necessary to the white man in the South; it was also these other qualtties to which I have referred—his cheerfulness and sympathy, his humor and his fidelity. No one can honestly say that there was anything in the nature of the institution of slavery that would develop these qualities in a people who did not possess them. On the contrary, what we know about slavery elsewhere leads us to believe that the system would have developed qualities quite different, so that I think I am justified in saying that most of the things that made slavery tolerable, both to the white man and to the black man, were due to the native qualities of the African.

Southern writers, looking back and seeking to reproduce the genial warmth and gracious charm of that old ante-bellum Southern life, have not failed to do full justice to the part that the Negro played in it. The late Joel Chandler Harris, for instance, has given us in the character of "Uncle Remus" the type of the Negro story-teller who delights and instructs the young children of the "big house" with his quaint animal stories that have been handed down to the Negro by his African ancestors. The "Br'er Rabbit" stories of Uncle Remus are now a lasting element in the literature, not only of the South, but of America, and they are recognized as the peculiar contribution of the American Negro slave to the folk-lore stories of the world.

In my own State of Virginia Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has given us, in "Uncle Billy" and "Uncle Sam," two typical characters worthy of study by

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those who wish to understand the human side of the Negro slave on the aristocratic plantations of that State. In Mr. Page's story "Meh Lady" Uncle Billy was guide, philosopher, and friend to his mistress and her daughter in the trying times of war and in their days of poverty. He hid their silver, refused to give information to the Union soldiers, prayed the last prayer with his dying mistress, comforted her lonely daughter, and at last gave her away in marriage.

In the story of "Marse Chan" Mr. Page lets Uncle Sam, the slave body-guard, tell in the following language what happened to his young master during the Civil War on the field of battle:

Marse Chan he calls me, an' he sez, "Sam, we'se goin' to win in dis battle, an' den we'll go home an' git married; an' I'm going home wid a star on my collar." An' den he sez, "Ef I'm wounded, kyah me, yo' hear?" An' I sez, "Yes, Marse Chan." Well, jes' den dey blowed boots an' saddles an' we mounted—an' dey said, "Charge 'em," an' my King ef ever yo' see bullets fly, dey did dat day. . . . We wen' down de slope, I 'long wid de res', an' up de hill right to de cannons, an' de fire wuz so strong dyah our lines sort o' broke an' stop; an' de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' 'bout to break all to pieces wen Marse Chan rid up an' cotch holt de flag and hollers, "Follow me." . . . Yo' ain' never heah thunder. Fust thing I knowed de Roan roll head over heels an' flung me up 'gainst de bank like yo' chuck a nubbin over 'g'inst de foot o' de corn pile. An' dat what kep me from being kilt, I 'spects. When I look 'roun' de Roan was lying dyah stone dead. 'Twan' mo'n a minit, de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flying and de rein hangin' down on one side to his knee. I jumped up an' run over de bank an' dyah, wid a whole lot ob dead mens and some not dead yit, on de one side o' de guns, wid de flag still in he han' an' a bullet right thru' he body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n 'im over an' call 'im, "Marse Chan," but 'twan' no use. He wuz done gone home. I pick him up in my arms wid de flag still in he han' an' toted 'im back jes' like I did dat day when he wuz a baby an' ole master gin 'im to me in my arms, an' say he could trus' me, an' tell me to tek keer on 'im long as he lived. I kyah'd 'im way off de battlefiel' out de way o' de balls an' I laid 'im down under a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch de sorrel for me. He was kotched arter a while, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin' an' wrap Marse Chan's body up in de flag an' put 'im in de coffin, but I didn't nail de top on strong, 'cause I knowed de old missus wan' to see 'im; an' I got a' ambulance an' set out fo' home dat night. We reached dyah de nex' evenin' arter travelin' all dat night an' all nex' day.

In the Palace of Fine Arts, in St. Louis, during the Exposition of 1904, there was a picture which made a deep impression on every Southern white man and black man who saw it who knew enough of the old life to understand what it meant. The Rev. A. B. Curry, of Memphis, Tennessee, referring to this picture in a sermon in his home city on November 27, 1904, said:

When I was in the Palace of Fine Arts, in St. Louis, this summer, I saw a picture before which I stood and wept. In the distance was a battle scene; the dust of trampling men and horses, the smoke of cannon and rifles filled the air; broken carriages and dead and dying men strewed the ground. In the foreground was the figure of a stalwart Negro man, bearing in his strong arms the form of a fair-haired Anglo-Saxon youth. It was the devoted body-servant of a young Southerner, bearing the dead body of his young master from the field of carnage, not to pause or rest till he had delivered it to those whose love for it only surpassed his own; and underneath the picture were these words—"Faithful Unto Death;" and there are men before me who have seen the spirit of that picture on more than one field of battle.

The slaves in Virginia and the border States were, as a rule, far superior, or at least they considered themselves so, to the slaves of the lower South. Even in freedom this feeling of superiority remains. Furthermore, the mansion house-servants, of whom Mr. Page writes, having had an opportunity to share to a large extent the daily life of their masters, were very proud of their superior position and advantages, and had little contact with the field-hands. It is, perhaps, not generally understood that in slavery days lines were drawn among the slaves just as they were among the white people. The servants owned by a rich and aristocratic family considered that the servants of "a poor white man," one who was not able to own more than half a dozen slaves, were not in the same social class with themselves. And yet the life of these more despised slaves had its vicissitudes, its obscure heroisms, and its tragedies just like the rest of the world. In fact, it was from the plantation hands, as a rule, that the most precious records of slave life came—the plantation hymns. The field-hands sang these songs and they expressed their lives.

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I have frequently met and talked with old men of my race who have grown up in slavery. It is difficult for these old men to express all that they feel. Occasionally, however, they will utter some quaint, humorous turn of expression in which there is a serious thought underneath.

One old farmer who owns a thousand acres of land not far from Tuskegee said: "We's jes' so ign't out heah, we don' see no diff'rence 'twe'n freedom an' slav'ry, 'cept den we's workin' fer some one else, and now we's workin' fer oursel's."

Some time ago an old colored man who has lived for a number of years near the Tuskegee Institute, in talking about his experience since freedom, remarked that the greatest difference he had found between slavery and freedom was that in the days of slavery his master had to think for him, but since he had been free he had to think and plan for himself.

At another time out in Kansas I met an old colored woman who had left her home in Tennessee directly after the war and settled with a large number of other colored people in what is called "Tennessee Town," now a suburb of Topeka, Kansas. In talking with her about her experiences in freedom and in slavery, I asked her if she did not sometimes feel as if she would not like to go back to the old days and live as she had lived on the plantation.

"Sometimes," she replied, "I feel as I'd like to go back and see my old massa and missus"—she hesitated a moment and then added, "but they sold my baby down South."

Aside from the slave songs very little has come down to us from slavery days that shows how slavery looked to the masses of the people.

There are a considerable number of slave narratives written by fugitive slaves with the assistance of abolitionist friends; but, as these were composed for the most part under the excitement of the anti-slavery agitation, they show things, as a rule, somewhat out of proportion. There is one of these stories, however, that gives a picture of the changing fortunes and vicissitudes of slave life which makes it especially interesting. I refer to the story of Charity Bower, who was born in 1779, near Edenton, North Carolina, and lived to a considerable age after she obtained her freedom. She described her master as very kind to his slaves. He used to whip them sometimes with a hickory switch, she said, but never let his overseer do so. Continuing, she said:

My mother nursed all his children. She was reckoned a very good servant, and our mistress made it a point to give one of my mother's children to each one of her own. I fell to the lot of Elizabeth, the second daughter. Oh, my mistress was a kind woman. She was all the same as a mother to poor Charity. If Charity wanted to learn to spin, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to knit, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to weave, she let her learn. I had a wedding when I was married, for mistress didn't like to have her people take up with one another without any minister to marry them. . . . My husband was a nice, good man, and mistress knew we set stores by one another. Her children promised they never would separate me from my husband and children. Indeed, they used to tell me they would never sell me at all, and I am sure they meant what they said. But my young master got into trouble. He used to come home and sit leaning his head on his hands by the hour together, without speaking to anybody. I see something was the matter, and begged him to tell me what made him look so worried. He told me he owed seventeen hundred dollars that he could not pay, and he was afraid he should have to go to prison. I begged him to sell me and my children, rather than to go to jail. I see the tears come into his eyes. "I don't know, Charity," he said; "I'll see what can be done. One thing you may feel easy about; I will never separate you from your husband and children, let what will come."

Two or three days after he come to me, and says he: "Charity, how should you like to be sold to Mr. Kinmore?" I told him I would rather be sold to him than to anybody else, because my husband belonged to him. Mr. Kinmore agreed to buy us, and so I and my children went there to live.

Shortly after this her new master died, and her new mistress was not as kind to her as he had been. Thereupon she set to work to buy the freedom of her children.

"Sixteen children I've had, first and last," she said, "and twelve I've nursed for my mistress. From the time my first baby was born I always set my heart upon buying freedom for some of my children. I thought it was more consequence to them than to me, for I was old and used to being a slave."

In order to save up money enough for

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this purpose she set up a little oyster board just outside her cabin, which adjoined the open road. When any one came along who wanted a few oysters and crackers, she would leave her washing and wait upon them. In this way she saved up two hundred dollars, but for some reason or another she never succeeded in getting her mistress's consent to buy one of the children. It was not always easy for a master to emancipate his slave in those days, even if he wanted to do so. On the contrary, as she says, "one after another—one after another—she sold 'em from me."

It was to a "thin, peaked-looking man who used to come and buy of me," she says, that she finally owed her freedom. "Sometimes," she continued, "he would say, 'Aunt Charity, you must fix me up a nice little mess, for I am poorly to-day.' I always made something good for him; and if he didn't happen to have any change, I always trusted him."

It was this man, a Negro "speculator," according to her story, who finally purchased her with her five children, and, giving her the youngest child, set her free.

"Well," she ended, "after that I concluded I'd come to the free States. Here I am takin' in washing; my daughter is smart at her needle, and we get a very comfortable living."

There was much in slavery besides its hardships and its cruelties; much that was tender, human, and beautiful. The heroic efforts that many of the slaves made to buy their own and their children's freedom deserve to be honored equally with the devotion that they frequently showed in the service of their masters. And, after all, considering the qualities which the Negro slave developed under trying conditions, it does not seem to me that there is any real reason why any one who wishes him well should despair of the future of the Negro either in this country or elsewhere.

OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH, AFTER EXCEEDINGLY TEDIOUS TALK ABOUT THE WISE EXPENDITURE OF SUPERFLUOUS CASH, AN IDLER IS SET TO WORK

"RICHES," said Miss Gold, "are a great responsibility. I want to be altruistic, but I want to be sure—or as sure as possible—of the money going in the right way."

Trist, who had come down to Esher with me, smiled cynically.

"There are hospitals and so forth, I know," Miss Gold continued, "but this mere writing of checks seems to me such a cowardly thing. I feel that one ought to think so hard before every gift. I not only feel that, but I must confess to wanting a little fun for my money, too. The solving of the problem how to spend it wisely is indeed my chief hobby."

[1] Copyright, 1908, by the Macmillan Company.

"A very fascinating one," I said.

"Yes," she replied; "so fascinating that when people calling here say, 'Oh, Miss Gold, how kind and charitable you are!' I blush, because I know that, although it may look like kindness and charity, it is really nothing whatever but self-indulgence."

"My dear Miss Gold," said Trist, "my dear Miss Gold, may I implore you not to begin that. Between us three, let it be understood from the outset that there is no such thing as unselfishness."

She laughed. "Very well," she said; "but, none the less, the thought is with me continually. I take it for granted one minute, and the next I am up in arms against it."

"If you are at all troubled about small benefactions," I said, "I must bring Miss Wynne to see you. She could help in the little ways so very sensibly."

"I should love to see her," said Miss

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Gold. "Every one whom one can trust to do a few little things is so valuable; but it is the large sums that are the hardest nuts to crack. I have so much, you know, and I can spend so little. This house costs practically nothing; I want no clothes; the doctor is almost my heaviest expense, and really I could do without him, because whether he comes or whether he doesn't this thing has got to go on getting worse. That is fixed."

My poor Agnes.

"I have had the most fantastic ideas," she hurried on. "I'll tell you of one of them. You know Burns's lines about resisting temptation? They're in that green book on the second shelf, there; the fourth from the end. It is Cunningham's edition, and came from your shop. The book-mark is in the place."

I found them.

"Read them aloud," Miss Gold commanded.

I did so—

"'Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentlier sister Woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

"'Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.'"

"Well," she said, "what do you think I did? I wrote to a thousand clergymen, chosen at random from the directory, and asked if I might be allowed to defray the cost of having these lines suitably illuminated in gold in some part of their church. Many did not answer at all; others refused straightforwardly on their own responsibility; many said that they themselves would like to give permission, but their bishops would not approve. One only asked me to do it, and I did it; but I have a notion, from the report of a spy that I sent down, that a hatchment has since been hung over it."

"You might," said Trist, "have offered to strike a bargain with them. In place, for example, of the fourth commandment, which was devised for the well-being of an Eastern tribe in camp, and has no bearing whatever at the present day in a civilization that demands Sunday labor of most kinds, from cooking to shunting, and is broken perhaps most flagrantly by the clergymen who enunciate it at so much a year (yes, and call it work, too, holding their poor foreheads as they tell you of their weary life)—you might have offered Burns's lines in place of that. Burns, at any rate, touches real life, whereas the presence of that law on the walls of the chancel has merely an archæological value."

"Yes," said Miss Gold, "but we must not look for logic."

"Nor," said Trist, "in a social society like the Church for courage."

"I don't blame the clergymen," I said. "They have to live. Better, they very properly thought, go on with elemental condemnations than let in the thin end of such a dangerous wedge as imaginative understanding."

"The New Testament," said Trist, "will never catch up with the Old in this country. The Old is certainly the best from the point of view of men who have to bring up families. Trade unionism must be very wary, and look ahead."

"Why didn't you go on to offer the verses to the Nonconformists?" I asked.

"I was discouraged," she said. "That is one of the temptations to which I most easily fall a prey—discouragement. I felt I could not reopen the project."

"You might have given it a turn," I said. "For example," in my Chinese book it is written of Wang-Kung-I, of the seventh century A.D., that, on being asked by the Emperor Kao-Tsung to explain the secret of the harmony in which three generations of his family had lived, he wrote the single word 'Forbearance' many times. You might have offered them that anecdote, and entitled it 'A Lesson from a Heathen Land,' and therefore, even if apposite, negligible here. Every one, then, would be pleased."

"Of course," said Miss Gold, "money is really the last instrument with which benevolence, charity, altruism, whatever you call it, works; but most of us, being in a hurry, put it first. The first really is thought. I will give you an example of

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what I call the truest thought for others, and one which to my mind, if not to the Röntgen-rayed eye of a cynical bachelor, really involves self-sacrifice. I have a friend who spends a great deal of her time—how do you think? In writing letters to prisoners in the jails. They are pious letters, full of appeals to the better nature and reminders of Christ's loving-kindness and the chance that remains to every one. They must, to a large extent, merely reproduce the ordinary solace that is offered by the chaplains and visitors; but this lady writes them herself, very carefully and legibly, and she employs several of her nieces to paint flowers on top of each piece of note-paper. She is a wealthy and an intellectual woman, and might be much more congenially employed; but she does this because she wants to do something to alleviate the lot of the outcast. It seems to me a very beautiful deed."

"How I envy her!" I said.

"Envy?"

"Yes, her singleness of mind. I could not do it; not only because I should not dare to offer such solace, but also because my sympathy would be too much with them. I should feel, in the case of so many, that their imprisonment was the real offense rather than the so-called crime that took them there, and that would stay my hand. The letter that I should write would be a letter that would never pass the governor's office. Take, for example, a starving man who stole bread, and is in prison for that. It would be too cruel a mockery to comfort him with evangelical maxims. Hunger comes before conduct and far before religion. Another man might be there for debt, which is quite as often the result of accident as turpitude. Another might have merely killed the middle-aged seducer of a child of tender years. It is too difficult. I am too uncertain."

"Yes," said Miss Gold. "I am a little like that too; we are too complex for charity, you and I. In all probability we are merely meddling busybodies, groping towards what we hope is light, but doing harm by the way."

"I agree with you entirely," said Trist, who had been silent for some time. "My suspicion is that no one can do anything for any one; and my belief is that certain persons with soft hearts are doomed to ruin where they would assist. Most of the charitable are wreckers—certainly the check-writers are, and certainly I am. I have proved it again and again; but I shall probably go on, since resistance is so difficult and one is usually so much wiser than one's deeds. I will give you an example. I once did such an apparently harmless thing as to give a tailor's assistant a season ticket for Earl's Court. It admitted one only, and he could not afford a shilling a night for his wife; he went every night alone; their home life was interrupted and then destroyed, and they have never been happy since. That, of course, was an error on my part. Had I thought a little longer, I should have realized that the ticket was putting him, as the saying is, above himself, and have held my hand.

"That is one example. I could give you many others," Trist continued, "all of which convince me that I am a danger to society and ought to be locked up for giving money away, as surely as any of your kind friend's prisoners are locked up for abstracting it."

"This is very terrible," said Miss Gold.

"Well, I believe it to be true of myself," Trist said; "others may have better fortune; but for the most part the feckless should be left alone. It sounds brutal, but, after my experience, you will acquit me of wishing to speak brutally. England, as I said before, is an Old Testament country, and had better be left to it. Christianity meddles."

"That means," I said, "not the cessation of charity, but the materialization of it. Manna and quails once more. And a very good thing, too."

"Certainly," said Miss Gold.

"Those stanzas of yours," I went on, "might have a serious undermining influence on the single-minded. Is it worth while to interfere with such an accepted beatitude as 'Blessed are the untempted, for they shall be accounted the best men'?"

"Yes," said Trist, "but that expresses only part of the case. The real wording should be, 'Blessed are those who escape the prohibited temptations, for they shall be reputed the best men.' Avarice, for

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example, which the author of the beatitudes loathed with all his magnificent loathing, has become a very popular and highly esteemed temptation. A man indeed practically writes himself down both fool and failure if he does not succumb to it.

"Meekness also has gone out, although my own private opinion is that, when Christ extolled the meek and promised them their inheritance, he was speaking ironically (as he often must have been), and the earth they were to inherit was a piece six feet by two."

Miss Gold liked that. "You should write a commentary," she said. "We want every point of view to be expressed, whether it's right or wrong; and I imagine," she added, "that no honest point of view can possibly be wholly wrong."

"As to temptation," I said, "take my own case. In the ordinary usage of the word, I am from temptation almost wholly free. I have the good or ill fortune to possess a mind that can occupy itself happily almost without a break, like a bee in that herbaceous border out there. Vice does not beckon me with any alluring finger; I am ill at once if I overeat; I am ill the next day if I drink too much; and I care more for health than for the immediate pleasure of such excesses. I have a sufficient income; I do not desire more. I have no tendency to be a scandalmonger. The result is that I am accounted a good man; the nice gentleman over Bemerton's, they probably call me in the neighborhood; very likely mothers point me out as a model. But I am not deceived. I know perfectly well that the certificate is based, not, as it should be, on what I do, but on what I do not do. It is a negative honor that I enjoy or endure. Every time a wretched, besotted tippler tramples down the cravings to have another drink, and thus saves twopence for his wife, he is a better man than I, who have no craving to conquer—except the craving (if I can apply to it so strong a word) not to have any craving; and that I submit to. Do you remember, Trist, that we were discusssing this very question some years ago at Bentley's, and I claimed to have no temptations, when a shrewd being who knew me well remarked, 'Oh, yes, you have, Falconer; your temptation is to be tolerant; you can find little twopenny-halfpenny faults with things, but you can't condemn'? Do you remember that? It was true then, and it is even more true now, when I am many years older. If a man can't condemn at twenty-five, he certainly will not at fifty, when he knows so much more of life and more than ever is conscious of the other side. Angels have their advocate as well as the devil, and both perhaps are unfair. The superficial may call me good, but before God I am only amiable."

"And yet," said Trist, "there was a fallacy in the criticism, for to be tolerant or intolerant is not a matter of will. When the drunkard tightens his fist on the twopence and walks resolutely away from the public-house, he is deliberately resisting temptation at the command of his own will. Similarly, when a reviewer refrains from saying too hard a thing, for justice, about a book by a man whom he dislikes, or too kind a thing, for justice, about a book by a man whom he likes, he is deliberately resisting temptation at the command of his own will. But it is not a matter of will with you to be tolerant. It is temperament. And you are tolerant because you never made up your mind as to right and wrong."

"And never shall," I said. "As a child I had no doubts; but now? Take, for instance, telling the truth. I was brought up to believe that one should do that, and I knew a lie a mile off. But now I see that mendacity, or, at any rate, the suppression of one's real feelings and opinions, is the cement that binds society together."

"And yet truth," said Miss Gold, "is the only really interesting thing. But I have had enough ethics for one day, particularly as everything that Mr. Trist says is directed against the usefulness of the only hobby I possess. Tell me, Mr. Trist," she went on, "would you think this a dangerous scheme—to hang one good picture, not an original, of course, but a really fine reproduction, in every common room of every workhouse in England?"

"No," he said, "not even with a microscope could I find peril in that."

"Well," she said, "if I give you *carte blanche*, will you do that for me, and so get back a little belief as to your useful

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ness? Will you find the pictures and arrange for their framing? I will communicate with the Guardians, because I know you could never bring yourself to do that. But will you help me over the pictures?"

And Trist said he would.

"I shall have a little work for you very soon, Kent," Miss Gold said to me as we left. "It is time you did something."

CHAPTER XVIII

WE ASSIST AT A FUNCTION IN THE MODERN SMITHFIELD, BUT NOT QUITE TO THE DEATH

"Do come at once. Drusilla has been arrested."

So ran the frenzied pencil note in Naomi's hand, on the fly-leaf of a new novel, which was brought to me one morning by the boot and knife boy at Queen Anne's Gate.

I went immediately, accompanied by the boy, who evidently knew what was wrong.

"Miss Drusilla and the other Sufferagettes," he said, "have been having another turn-up with the Prime Minister. They keep the pot boiling, don't they, sir?"

"Do you think women ought to have the vote?" I asked him.

"My mother says," he replied, "that all the clever women have it already."

"Has she got it?" I asked.

He grinned. "I should rather say she had," he answered.

Drusilla's mother was in a state of profound dejection and semi-collapse. "I don't know what Alderley will say," was the burden of her lament.

I told her it was very fortunate he was away. He would have time to think it over and take a kindly view.

"A daughter of mine in prison!" said my sister. "The shame of it!"

"Oh, no," I said, "not at all. There is no shame in political offense. The fight for freedom, you know. Think of Joan of Arc. Think of—of—Jael and Sisera. Some one must always suffer before justice is done."

This cheered the poor mother a little, but all my good efforts were undone by Lionel, who rushed in at this moment, pale with fury. Neither Naomi nor I could check his ravings for some minutes, and his mother accepted them as a true picture of the case. Naturally. Was he not her son, while I was only her stepbrother twice his age?

Lionel, I need hardly say, disregarded the seriousness of the cause of female enfranchisement. His principal concern was the name of Wynne, and L. Wynne in particular, and the effect of Drusilla's martyrdom upon it. How could he walk to the wicket, in the Middlesex and Surrey match to-morrow, with the knowledge of this outrage not only in his own mind but only too evidently in that of every spectator at the Oval? How could he do himself justice as a bat under such a humiliation? And think of the report the next day—"Wynne, the brother of the notorious Suffragette, secured a well-merited duck," or, "To be 'caught out' seems just now to run in the Wynne family." Lionel's fancy played with the theme like a comic journalist in an evening paper. He covered himself with gratuitous ridicule.

"My dear boy," I said at last, "how extraordinarily out of date you are. You are making two of the least pardonable mistakes of your age—you are taking something seriously and you are disregarding the benefits of advertisement."

He turned on me like a tiger. "Oh, yes," he said, "you never find fault with anything. You just smile and enjoy it."

"I can't find much fault with Drusilla," I said humbly, "because she is sincere. There is no harm in wanting to be considered more important than you are; it is not wrong to want to vote. Personally I hope I shall never vote again, but that is not virtue in me—it is deplorable, unpatriotic weakness. Drusilla takes a passionate interest in public affairs and wants to be allowed to participate in them, and considers it an injustice that she should not be allowed to because she is a woman and not a man. In her excitement for this cause she and her friends seem to have gone a little too far and have come into collision with a law and the police. That is all. There is no disgrace; on the contrary, it is a merit in any one to-day to be ready to suffer for any cause."

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Seeing that I might as well be talking to a pillar box, I stopped there, although it also occurred to me to say that I could imagine an intelligent Japanese looking with more admiration upon sisters who wanted votes than brothers who struck and pursued a ball all day.

I did, however, add: "Instead of ranting about your own reputation as a cricketer, you ought to be hurrying as fast as you can to the police court, to bail her out—if she will let you, which I doubt—and be rather proud to think that you have so determined and plucky a sister. I will come with you, if you like."

Lionel, I regret to say, replied briefly that he would be damned if he did anything of the kind, and so I went alone, as Naomi could not leave her mother.

What nice people the police are! To the well-to-do and law-abiding they have a quiet, gentle, paternal way that soothes and reassures. They write things in books like recording angels. They hold out hope.

"Miss Drusilla Wynne? Oh, yes," said the officer in charge. "Taken into custody for creating a disturbance in Downing Street with other females. The magistrate will hear the case in about half an hour. A special sitting."

Yes, he added, I might see her; but they were all very excited, and had been singing their war-song.

A policeman led me to Drusilla's cell and told me the story on the way. It seemed that the Prime Minister had made an announcement unpalatable to the sisterhood, whose knife, the officer added, had been in him for some time, and certain picked heroines among them had paid him a call of protest.

"No harm in that," said A-27, "but they wouldn't go away when told, and created a disturbance, so we had to bring them to the station. Very voilent they were, too, some of them; but not your young lady, I hope. Let me see, what did you say her name was?"

I told him.

"Oh, yes. Wynne," he said (and my thoughts flew instantly to poor Wragg in Arnold's preface), "Wynne. No, she was all right—went like a lamb. In point of fact, I apprehended her myself. A pretty little piece in green and terra-cotta. Seemed to me she was doing what she was told more than what she wanted to."

Poor Drusilla—if she could have heard that! Nothing so enrages as truth.

I was allowed to talk to her in the presence of the constable, who, with his helmet off, had quite the air of a man and a brother—a far more sympathetic brother than Lionel, indeed.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but I can't pay the fine. None of the others will, and I'm not going to desert them."

"Does that mean Holloway?" I asked the policeman.

"That's right," he said; "Holloway."

"In Black Maria?" I asked.

"That's right; Black Maria," he said.

"How long do you think it will be?" I asked.

"A week or ten days for the first offenders," he said; "a fortnight for the old parliamentary hands."

I told Drusilla about her mother; but it did not move her. "It is mother's battle we are fighting as well as our own," she replied. "Women should hang together."

"Not hang," I said; "it's not as bad as that."

A-27 laughed, and Drusilla turned on him furiously.

"Why should policemen be men?" she cried. "That's another injustice. If women have to be arrested, they ought to be arrested by their own sex."

"I quite agree with you, miss," said the constable. "And so would all my mates, very heartily. Yes, and all our missuses, too. It's no bean-feast taking a woman to the station, I can tell you. The police have their feelings as well as any one else, and they never feel so little like men as they do when they're apprehending a female offender. Now you, miss, as I was telling this gentleman here, came along quiet and peaceable; but do you think I was proud of having my hand on you? Not a bit of it. I could have sunk into the earth for shame. Votes for women I don't believe in, and never shall; but policewomen for women I would plump for."

At this moment a messenger came to say that the magistrate was ready, and I had to leave Drusilla and enter the court. The hearing took only a short time. There

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were several offenders, some of whom had been in similar *mêlées* before. They all refused to pay the fine, and received varying sentences, as A-27 had foretold.

Drusilla, however, was discharged with a caution, a result due partly to her pacific behavior with her constable, and partly, I have no doubt, to her father's standing at the bar; for although there may not be (as some aver) one law for the rich and one for the poor, there is certainly one law for a colleague and one for a stranger, and so there always will be. As Trist says, the human organism presents few attractions as a resting-place to the bacillus of impartiality.

In discharging her (to her very obvious distress) the magistrate made some kind, if antiquated, remarks. He pointed out that there were other rights to be considered as well as the right to vote. There were, for example, the parents' right to be free from anxiety as to what their daughters were doing; the right to be exempted from such annoyance and grief as the imprisonment of their daughters would bring; and so forth. He meant well, but Drusilla was white with disagreement and indignation.

"If every one thought about others like that," she said, on the way home, "there would be no progress whatever. Progress is based on disregard of old-fashioned feelings." (Where did she get that?)

"True enough," I agreed. "But progress also comes from independence. I take it for granted that all those other brave ladies who have refused to pay their fines, and have gone to Holloway, have their own homes and incomes. They are in a position to defy the law. But where is your income? Where is your home?"

This hit Drusilla rather hard. "If it came to that," she said, "I would leave home at once and earn my own living."

"But you have not done so," I said, "and one cannot have it both ways. One cannot enjoy both the sheltered advantages of the dependent and the fierce joys of the independent. You have been a gambler this morning. You were playing a game which might cost you money you did not possess, and would have to be paid by some one who disapproved of the whole thing."

"But I was prepared to go to prison," said Drusilla.

"Quite true," I said. "But what about your time there? It does not belong to you. Your father paid for you to be at the Slade. No," I said, "you are a dependent and must behave accordingly. But when you earn your own living, there is nothing you cannot do. If you still want the vote, and there is no other way of getting it but by encamping on the Prime Minister's door-step, why, you must encamp there and I will help you. But so long as you are taking your father's money, and living under his roof, I fancy you must behave."

And so I restored her to her mother.

My next step was to return swiftly to the police court to try a little corruption and bribery; but I am not good at this, and my suggestion that Wing was the correct spelling of Drusilla's surname (I had not only her father's comfort but her grandmother's in mind) failed dismally. In this world, although deceptions are welcomed everywhere, it is only on certain conditions, one of which is that they must be carried through with a high hand. I did not comply with this rule; and when I began to fumble for a sovereign, the inspector's cold eye paralyzed my fingers. So Wynne it remained—Drusilla Wynne, aged twenty-two.

Alderley, as it happened, said nothing, but he acted promptly. He told Drusilla very kindly but decisively that he did not want her to go to the Slade any more. He would find her private instruction, he said, or perhaps she might join a class in a studio, but he wanted the Slade lessons to cease. This was very hard, and I sympathized with her; but, as I pointed out, and I am sure Naomi did too, her father had the right to dictate, and one cannot expect to be a revolutionary on plum cake, so to speak.

So Drusilla fared to Gower Street no more; and as for the little bearded men with the blue shirts, they gradually disappeared, and no doubt found other comrades, as artists and Socialists quickly do.

The chief cause of anxiety at Queen Anne's Gate that then remained was old Mrs. Wynne. Could the news be kept

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from her? We wondered for a few days, and then at last her daughter-in-law knew the worst, for a letter from Ludlow arrived with reference to the matter.

"How strange," the old lady wrote, "that there should be two girls of the same age named Drusilla Wynne, for Drusilla is by no means a common name, and there has been a Drusilla Wynne in our family for generations. My eye caught it in a report of the deplorable incident proceeding from this new outcry. Another strange thing is that this other Drusilla Wynne is described as the daughter of a well-known barrister; but life is full of coincidences. You must remind me, when I see you next, to tell you of a very remarkable one which has just happened to me in connection with a knitting-needle and dear Canon Hoadley."

"So that's all right," said Drusilla's mother.

"Yes, and jolly lucky," said Lionel.

"I think," said Drusilla, "it's all wrong. You talk of it as if I were ashamed of it as well as all the rest of you, but I'm not, and I think it's horrible to deceive Grandmamma like that. In fact, I shall blame myself as long as I live for letting Kent interfere at all."

"You couldn't help it," I said meekly.

"If you hadn't gone to the court," said Drusilla, "to see the police and talk the magistrate over" (the woman's view of the English law!), "I should have gone to prison, and then Grandmamma would certainly have known. I wish I had stopped you. The next time I shall go through with it, I promise you, so you'd better all look out. Meanwhile, I shall write to Grandmamma and tell her everything."

"Don't be such an ass," said Lionel.

"My dear child," said her mother, "do you really think that is necessary?"

"Really," replied Drusilla firmly.

"Oh, Kent," said her mother to me, "do convince her how unnecessary that is. Poor Grandmamma—at her age, too! Surely there is no need. I don't want ever to interfere in a case of conscience, but surely there are times . . . Truth. . . . Surely now and then silence . . . and it's too difficult. Kent, you know what I mean, do tell her."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, "but I'm afraid Drusilla is right. There was not, as you say, the slightest need to inform old Mrs. Wynne off her own bat; but I don't see how she can let the present misunderstanding continue and retain that admiration of herself which is needful for us all to get through life decently."

I did not mean this to be cruel, but Lionel, who cannot forgive his sister for entertaining views so uncomfortable to himself at his club (and who is, moreover, a Turk at heart, like most Englishmen), added the poison.

"No," he said, "martyrs must advertise or they won't keep going. It is by letting every one know about their courage that they get it and keep it."

Poor Drusilla! this is the hardest cut of all, for there was just enough truth to sting—her revolt being largely imitative. She flung out of the room in a rage.

Naomi, who had taken no part in the discussion except to try to stop Lionel, followed her.

Alderley, when told about it, took, I think, a wise course. "Certainly she must unburden, if she wishes to," he said; "but she must go to Ludlow and tell the story in person. I won't have it done by letter."

And so Drusilla, very unwillingly, when the time came (our moral duty being often a confoundedly uncomfortable thing, which it is far simpler to neglect) was packed off to Ludlow with her poor little history of revolt, which (as her father had foreseen) was becoming a good deal of a bore.

The old lady, like her son, took it very well, Drusilla's honesty in the matter pleasing her far more than the unwomanliness of the conduct displeased her. Moreover, very old people rather like a little dare-devil in the young. But Drusilla had her punishment, too.

"Well, well," Grandmamma said, "we won't say any more about it. What we must do for you now, my dear, is to find you a nice husband;" the result being a series of garden-parties and picnics at which curates and youthful squires were shamelessly paraded before our little firebrand, almost as if she had been a marriageable South Sea Islander, as indeed she practically was. When it comes to marriage, we are all savages.

Drusilla, however, to use a phrase of Lionel's, was not taking any. She fright-

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ened the squires with her politics and the curates with her theology, or the want of it.

"My dear Grandmamma," she said, "I don't want to marry."

"Nonsense, child," said the old lady; "of course you want to marry. All women do. What you mean is, you don't want to marry any one that you don't want to marry."

Drusilla did not acquiesce, but the chorus of Alf Pinto's latest song, as repeated far too often by Dollie Heathcote and Lionel, ran through her head—

"Mr. Right! Mr. Right!
He may not have knocked just yet;
But cheer up, girls, he is putting on his boots,
And he'll soon be here, you bet."

Mr. Right! Mr. Right! Was there a Mr. Right for every one? she wondered; for obviously the music-hall philosophy was a little too general. Statistics alone proved that.

As it turned out—but we shall see.

(To be continued)

BESIDE THE GRAVE OF KEATS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Where silver swathes of newly fallen hay
Fling up their incense to the Roman sun;
Where violets spread their dusky leaves and run
In a dim ripple, and a glittering bay
Lifts overhead his living wreath; where day
Burns fierce upon his endless night and none
Can whisper to him of the thing he won,
Love-starved young Keats hath cast his gift of clay.

And still the little marble makes a moan
Under the scented shade; one nightingale
With many a meek and mourning monotone
Throbs of his sorrow; sings how oft men fail
And leave their dearest light-bringers alone
To shine unseen, and all unfriended pale.

Oh, leave the lyre upon his humble stone,
The rest erase; if Keats were come again,
The quickest he to blot this cry of pain,
The first to take a sorrowing world's atone.
'Tis not the high magistral way to moan
When a mean present leaps and sweeps amain
Athwart the prophets' vision; not one groan
Escapes their souls, and lingers not one stain.

They answer to their ideals; their good
Outshines all flare and glare of futile marts.
They stand beside their altars while the flood
Ephemeral rolls on and roars and parts.
It shall not chill a poet's golden blood;
It cannot drown the masters' mighty hearts.

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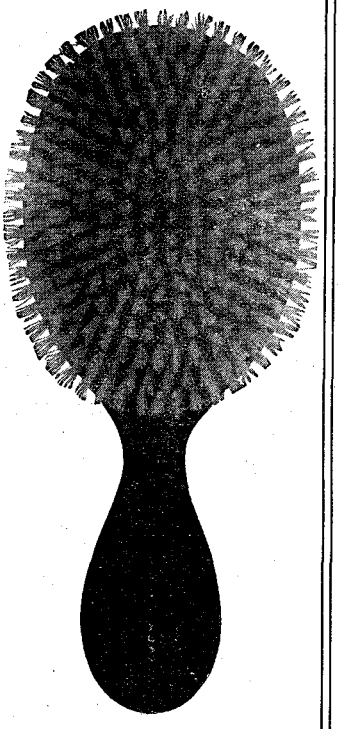
THE "AJAX"



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Indigestion	*Catarrh*	*Nervousness*	*Weak Heart*

I strengthen whatever organs are weak; start your blood to circulating as when you were a child; teach you to breathe so the blood is fully purified.

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Interlaken Inn, Lakeville, Conn. Two hours from New York; between two lakes; service first class; accommodation for automobile parties; rooms in cottages. Address Manager.

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The Wayside Inn

NEW MILFORD, Litchfield Co., Conn.

Open all year. Easy of access. Write for booklet B. Address **Manager.**

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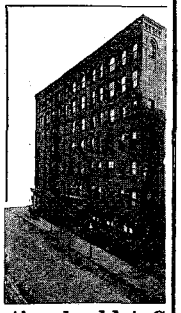

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Companions and Domestic Helpers

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GOVERNESS, speaking French and some English, to take entire charge girl three years old. Live in Philadelphia. 2,258, Outlook.

WANTED—Teachers for academic and grade work. Public and private schools. College positions also. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

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Professional Situations

WANTED—By graduate nurse of N. Y. Hospital, the charge of convalescent home orphan asylum or children's hospital. 7 years' experience. 2,320, Outlook.

WANTED—By woman of experience, position as superintendent of small hospital or superintendent of nurses in large hospital. 2,263, Outlook.

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Business Situations

SECRETARY—Young man, mature college student, long business experience, desires part time position. 2,318, Outlook.

PRIVATE SECRETARY. Young woman, college graduate, wants position. Highest references. 2,321, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED German stenographer desires position. 2,329, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN, educated, experienced, desires position as companion to an elderly person to travel, or an invalid. Address Miss Place, 201 Nash St. E., Wilson, N. C.

EXPERIENCED matron and housekeeper, superior executive ability, desires position in institution, school, hotel or private house. References. 2,317, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED matron wishes institutional work. DOMESTIC SCIENCE graduate. 2,324, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED young woman desires position as nursery governess or housekeeper. 2,323, Outlook.

EDUCATED woman wishes to manage a household or assist with housework. 2,331, Outlook.

COUPLE with several years' training in institutions, unquestionable references. 2,332, Outlook.

A Y. W. C. A. trained attendant, well educated, desires to travel with convalescing patient or invalid. Highest references given. 2,308, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, accustomed to large establishments, is open for engagement. 2,303, Outlook.

WOMAN experienced with motherless children, supervising housekeeper, social chaperon, and travel, desires position. References. 2,314, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper, with references for character and ability, wishes position. 2,310, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

EXPERIENCED housekeeper desires position in widower's family. References. 2,312, Outlook.

LADY of business and social experience wishes position as secre ary and housekeeper Unexceptionable references. 2,316, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion, social secretary, or manager by a thoroughly experienced woman. Entire charge taken of social correspondence or management of household. Highest references. Address 2,295, Outlook.

A young woman, Northfield training, position as traveling companion, secretary to elderly lady, or nursery governess to one or two children. Excellent references for character and teaching experience. Address Eliz. Abrams, 69 Webb Ave., Ocean Grove N. J.

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BRYN Mawr graduate wishes tutoring in or near Philadelphia. Highest references. Especial interest in backward or delicate children. 2,226, Outlook.

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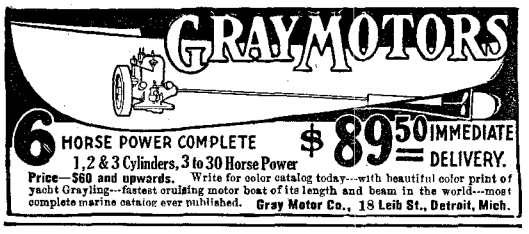
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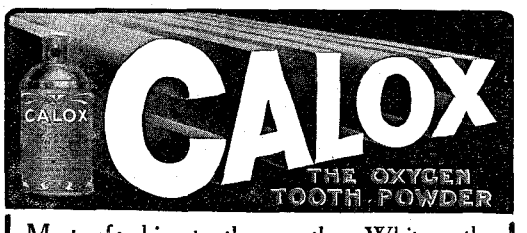

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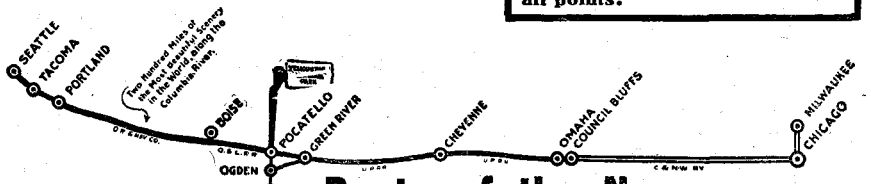

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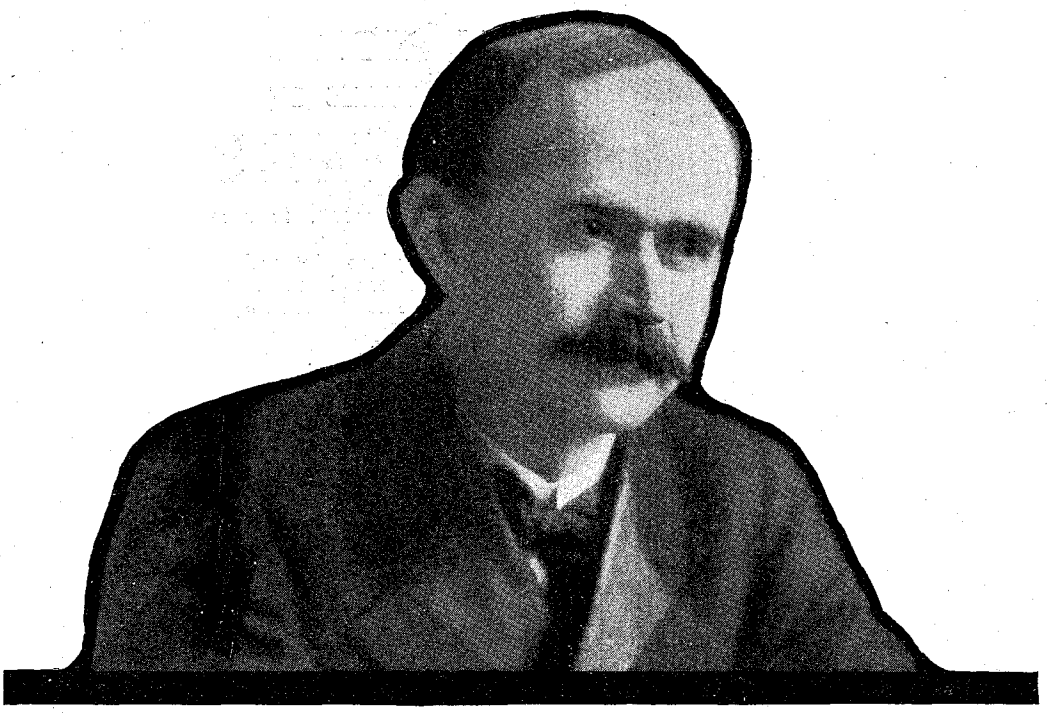

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